THE LONDON
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY:

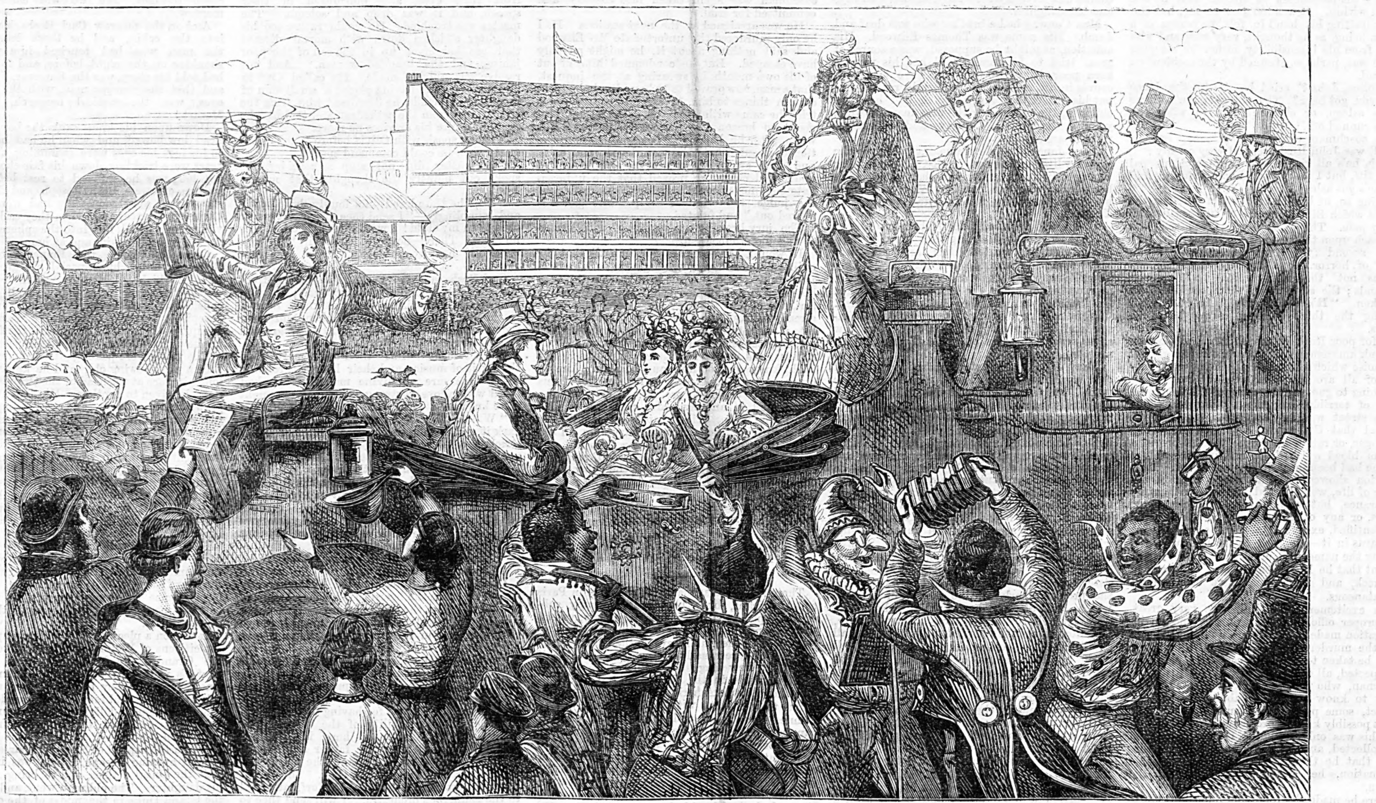
A Family Journal of News, Tales, History, Art, &c.

PUBLISHED BY W. E. GOULDEN. AT THE OFFICE. 271. HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON W.C.

Published Weekly. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874. *Price One Penny.*

Epsom Week.

Epsom week possesses attractions for thousands who never made a bet in their lives, and who are quite unlearned in the pedigrees of race-horses. It is associated in their minds with recollections of genial summer warmth, pleasantly tempered by the light breezes of the Downs, and with no less delightful memories of picnicing in the shade when the sound of popping corks made finer music to the ear than the beat of hurrying hoofs. The name of Epsom—whether the mind reverts to the Derby or the Oaks—also calls up visions of picturesque motley crowds of holiday-makers, all full of animation and excitement. From the proximity of the race-course to London, and the old racing fame of the Downs, there is a mosaic intermixture of classes and characters at Epsom such as Newmarket, or Ascot, or Doncaster can never exhibit. If we wanted a foreigner to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears what the free-born Briton is when let loose for a summer outing, we should take him straight off to Epsom on the race-week, confidently expecting to hear him express surprise and delight that John Bull and his wife, though they had less faith in cafés than the French and cared less for beer-gardens than the Germans, were not so phlegmatic after all, and could be merry as crickets in the season. In the illustration on this page our artist has succeeded in hitting off happily the gay groups of sightseers who impart picturesqueness to race-days.



EPSOM WEEK.

On Land at Last.

One of the illustrations in this number depicts the landing from a steamer of shipwrecked passengers, who have been providentially saved when the vessel in which they embarked foundered at sea. The bare-headed couple in front, walking arm-in-arm, seem well satisfied that they are once more on shore, though the circumstance that they have well nigh lost their all gives an air of subdued anxiety to their faces. The poor woman, carrying the child, who looks woe-begone enough, is being comforted and assisted along by the kindly-looking man in the wide-awake who takes a deep interest in her distressed condition. The landing, while an event for thankfulness even to those who have saved nothing but their lives, excites a tumult of emotions in the hearts of the more fortunate portion of the passengers who find themselves clasped in the warm embrace of friends and relatives. Scenes of this description, which are unfortunately only too frequent, possess an interest in which it is sometimes difficult to say whether the pathetic or the joyful element is in the ascendant.

Imperial Sympathy.

The Emperor William's visit of sympathy to Prince Bismarck, stretched on a sick bed (as shown in the engraving on our last page), is not a mere formal one performed from a sense of duty. No one knows better than his Imperial Majesty how much he is indebted to the great statesman, whose energies have resuscitated the old Germanic Empire, and how great would be the loss if he were deprived of his chief counsellor's far-seeing and sagacious advice. This is not the first time that the life of Bismarck has been endangered by the strain upon his faculties necessitated by his position as the director of the national policy and the master-mind of Germany. In 1866 the excitement caused by the rapidity with which great events succeeded each other during the short war between Prussia and Austria, combined with the amount of mental and physical labour he was forced to undergo, brought on an attack of paralysis of the brain, and compelled him to retire from public business for some months at a time when his services could ill be spared. Perhaps the struggle with Ultramontanism, in which Bismarck has played the chief part, may help to account for that renewed access of ill health which has prostrated the powerful Minister, and evoked, on his behalf, the strong sympathy of the German Emperor.

Struggle with an Assassin.

The *Times* Madrid correspondent gives the following account of the desperate attempt made to assassinate the ex-Premier of Spain:

It appears that, about 10 o'clock in the morning, a man, decently dressed, presented himself at the house of the ex-Premier, No. 25, Calle Preciados, and desired to see him on business. Though Señor Pi y Margall was at the moment in conference with one of his political friends, the ex-Deputy Señor Obertin, the visitor was at once ushered into his presence. He addressed Señor Pi very respectfully, representing that he was a parish priest, in great pecuniary distress through the failure of the Government to pay his salary for many months; that he had addressed a petition to Señor Martos, the Minister of Grace and Justice, calling attention to his case, and that he begged the favour of a letter of recommendation to that important personage. Señor Pi answered that he had no pretensions of any kind to influence Señor Martos. Their political creeds were different, and their personal intimacy anything but close. His visitor being very persistent, Señor Pi told him that he happened to be acquainted with one of the officials in the Ministry in question, to whom he would be happy to give him a recommendation if he thought it could be of any use to him. He accordingly wrote a few words on the back of his card, and with this his visitor retired, professing much gratitude. Between 12 and 1 in the afternoon Señor Pi was quietly breakfasting with his wife, when the same person again presented himself, stating to the servant that he wished to report to his Excellency the result of his visit to the Ministry of Grace and Justice. Without waiting for permission, he followed the servant into the breakfast-room, and as quick as lightning drew a revolver from his pocket, and with the words "*Yo acabo vuested de vivir!*" ("Now you will cease to live!") pointed it straight at the astonished philosopher, whose habitual coolness, however, did not forsake him, for he uttered the exclamation "*Esta vuested loco?*" ("Are you mad?"), to which the would-be assassian merely replied, "*Ave Maria!*" and instantly fired. The ball lodged in the opposite wall, and the intended victim, finding himself unhurt, and that the revolver was once more presented at him, sought safety in precipitate flight into an adjoining room, which led into his study. The assassin pursued him closely, and fired at him just as he had reached the study, the second ball lodging in the wall right over the top of the door. Once in his study, Señor Pi turned the key, but in the meantime the aggressor had run round by a side passage into the drawing-room, which had a door leading into the study. A struggle ensued between the two at this door, which would not lock. Señor Pi, however, kept it shut by main force, and the aggressor fired his third barrel through the door, but without effect. In the meantime the cries of the wife and servant had brought in the neighbours, and these instantly heard the discharge of the fourth barrel in the drawing-room, accompanied by a heavy thud on the floor. Rushing in, they found the lifeless body of the would-be assassin, bathed in blood from a wound in the temple, stretched on the ground with the fatal revolver firmly grasped in the right hand. It appeared that of a man of some 30 or 34 years of age, dressed in black trousers and waistcoat, dark coat, very much worn, and cloth cap. In his pockets they found his *cedula de vecinidad*, in which he was described as a priest, resident in Toledo, and also a document setting forth that he had been an inmate of a lunatic asylum in the Province of Valencia, discharged as cured. The body was immediately removed to the General Hospital, and I suppose that this is about the last we shall hear of the affair, as "judicial inquiries" have commenced, and these, you know, are always conducted in secret in Spain.

Assault on a Keeper.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Hudson, N.Y., says:

Waltz, the condemned murderer of Harmon Holcher, the Albany scissors grinder, who is to be executed at Catskill, made an assault upon his keeper, Charles Ernst, with a bar of iron which he had wrenched from the flooring of his cell. Since Tuesday, when Waltz was taken to the farm for the purpose of pointing out the spot where the organ grinder, who, he asserts, he killed about three years since, is buried, he has been left in shackles in the cell, and officer Ernst has had him in charge. His demeanour has usually been quiet, and, although he had made repeated threats against Ernst, no attention was paid to them. After dining Ernst returned to the cell, and must have been attacked within five minutes after his entrance. The weapon used by this young fiend was about twenty-six inches long, two and a half inches broad and three-eighths of an inch in thickness. It was doubled over at one end about seven inches so as to add weight to it, and had paper stuffed between the doubled parts so as to prevent any clanking of the iron. Taken in all, it is one of the most formidable weapons conceivable in the hands of a man intent upon revenge and liberty. Ernst, when found, was lying upon a lounge, having been hit four times over the head, each blow crushing in the skull.

The prisoner secured the key with which the officer locked himself in, also his revolver, and was attempting to unlock the door into the hallway—and, had he succeeded, his escape would have been easily accomplished—when Mr. George Olney, accompanied by a reporter of the Albany *Times*, rang the bell of the outside door. This summons was answered by the Deputy Sheriff, he admitting the gentlemen who had visited the jail to see the prisoner. On looking through the grating they saw no one, but heard groans proceeding from the further corner, where the murderer had dragged his victim. He covered the spots where the blood had spurted with old newspapers, so that any casual observer would not have noticed anything out of the ordinary course of things. They immediately called Ernst by name, but received no reply. At this juncture Sheriff Coonley arrived, and immediately forced the door, and with the parties present pushed into the cell and carried the dying man outside. It was then discovered that the officer's keys and revolver were missing, and the sheriff again entered the cell (at the risk of his life) and disarmed the prisoner, who, when he saw a determined attack made upon him, cowered down in one corner and gave no answers to the question as to why he had committed this last crime.

The news that Waltz had killed Earnst spread with lightning rapidity, and soon the whole populace, with whom he was a great favorite, flocked to the jail in crowds, blocking up the entire street. Cries of "Lynch the scoundrel," were heard, and it was by the utmost exertion of the county officials that the crowd were restrained from breaking in the jail with axes and crowbars, with which the maddened mob had speedily armed themselves.

The Imprisoned Grand Duke.

Some interest was created recently by the news of the arrest of one of the Russian princes, a nephew of the Czar, and it was not lessened by the mystery prevailing as to the cause of the step. It was stated that the arrest was not due to political causes, and the following account of the real motive is now given by the *Augsburg Gazette*:

"The Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the Emperor's brother, Constantine, being in pecuniary embarrassments in consequence of the exigencies of his kept-mistress, a Frenchwoman, abstracted the rich collection of diamonds belonging to his mother. The princess only perceived the theft a few weeks back, as she was about to go on a journey abroad. Not suspecting that she was about to denounce her own son, she immediately made a declaration to the police; the director, who is a shrewd man, succeeded in a few days in discovering the place were the jewels were concealed, and in designating the person by whom the theft has been committed. At the same time he made a report to the Emperor, who gave orders for a regular judicial investigation, the conclusions of which were to be submitted to him. The sympathies of the public are not with the young delinquent, as this is not the first scandal in which he has been involved. It may be remembered that shortly before the campaign of Khiva, by his offensive conduct towards a member of the British Legation, he caused a *fracas* which commenced by his giving a blow, and ended by his receiving a sound thrashing. St. Petersburg was in excitement at that incident; and, in order to settle the affair, Prince Gortschakoff and the English Ambassador had to employ all their address and energy.

The Stage Coach Tragedy.

Long ago, in the coaching days, I was travelling agent for a large firm in London, and in the course of business visited the flourishing little town of Bellair, where our people had many customers. It was about the middle of August, and on the very night of my arrival that usually quiet and sober place was thrown into a state of consternation by the occurrence of a very unusual circumstance. The stage-coach was accustomed to arrive about eight o'clock, but on the day in question that hour passed and the stage did not come in.

The time-keeper was in a state of great agitation, walking to and fro and wondering what had become of the coach. There were two or three people looking for friends, and one old gentleman waiting for a parcel which he expected by the Bellair stage, and wanted to take with him by another coach which was upon the point of starting. Every one was annoyed, and all the officials looking out eagerly and anxiously wondering what could have caused the delay.

But grumbling availed nothing; they could only wait. Eight o'clock, the proper hour for the arrival of the coach, had long since passed. The half hour came and went. It was less than a quarter to nine, but still the Bellair stage had not arrived. It was at last supposed that some accident must have befallen the coach, and assistance was being prepared in the shape of horsemen to search the road. These were nearly ready, but when just upon the point of starting the loud blast of the coachman's horn was heard, and anxiety as to the safety of the stage was exchanged for wonder as to the cause of its delay. A few moments later it drove up in due form before the office, and a little crowd gathered to investigate the origin of such an unusual circumstance.

The coachman, upon being questioned, gave a very clear and simple explanation of the affair. A passenger, he said, had suddenly insisted on alighting, and had banged the door so violently that one of the horses had taken fright. This had startled the other horse, and the two had at once galloped madly away, nearly demolishing the coach, and were not brought to until one of them fortunately stumbled and hurt his fore-leg severely, causing considerable delay. The appearance of the horse witnessed to the truth of this statement. Every one was for the moment satisfied with this account of the delay, but only for the moment, for the next instant a much more exciting and horrible discovery than the delay of the coach was made.

One of the porters lounging about very naturally opened the coach door and prepared to assist the passengers to alight. But no one stirred within. It was too dark to see, but the porter putting his hand in, felt the person of a human being, as he thought, very wet, and who must, from his insensibility, either be sleeping or else was, perhaps, stunned by the accident on the road.

"Holloa, John?" cried he, "who the deuce have you got here? The old gemman's either deadly asleep, or else he's fainted when the horses runned off!"

The coachman, whose name, it may here be stated, was John Rush, replied very calmly:

"Oh, he's all right, Bill. Him and his pal had a tiff, but I fancy they'd been drinkin', and now he's got asleep."

Saying so, he brought forward a lantern, the light of which Bill afterwards thought made him deadly pale. They, however, cast the light into the coach upon the sleeping gentleman, but the next second they drew back with a shout of horror. Bill saw by the light that it was not the rain which had damped his hands; the stain upon them could not be mistaken. "It's blood! It's blood!" he cried, shaking the thick crimson drops from his fingers.

As for poor Rush, the coachman, he looked on in blank amazement, like a man stricken dumb. The noise which Bill made attracted the attention of all around, who were now only just beginning to guess at the cause of the delay. A scene of terrible excitement followed. The whole street was in confusion. It was discovered that the coach contained only one passenger, or rather his corpse, for he lay in a pool of blood quite dead, and it was evident that he had been most foully murdered. Examination showed that he was a man in the prime of life, well dressed and of gentlemanly appearance, but without purse, pocket-book, papers, or any other article by which he could be identified, excepting a small envelope with two cards in it—supposed to be his own—and bearing the name of Samuel Robinson. It was evident that he had been stabbed suddenly in the neck, and death must have been almost instantaneous.

The excitement at Bellair was very great. The proper officials were sent for, and an investigation made. Every one questioned as to who the murderer could be, and what steps could be taken to effect his capture. As might be expected, all eyes were turned to Rush, the coachman, who was naturally supposed to be likely to know something about the matter. In fact, some people even suggested that he might possibly know more than he cared to tell, but this was only scandal. He was very calm and collected, and, stating to the police authorities that he thought he could give valuable information, he accompanied them to the station.

There he made the following important statement: He had started, he said, from Woodley, in the morning, with five passengers. This, of course, could be verified by reference to the officials there. At various places, so he said, he had sat down five passengers. He had also taken up two, but did not remember what they were like, as he thought nothing about them at the time; could not say even if the two were men or women; thought they had alighted on the way, and that the gentleman in the coach was one of those who started first at Woodley. When about two miles on the other side of Winfield Hollow, he heard what seemed to him a violent dispute going on inside the coach; he stopped the horses and went to the door; only two passengers were then inside, one a young man with dark eyes and chestnut hair, and the other he could swear was the murdered man. They seemed to be in high dispute, but when they saw him and knew that their altercation had stopped the coach, the murdered man—he was certain he could swear *it was the murdered man*—put his head out of the window and said:

"What do you want? My friend and I had a few hard words, and what is that to you?"

When he heard this he remounted the box. About five minutes later one of the gentlemen stopped him to get out, and went away, seeming to be much agitated, which he supposed was on account of the dispute. He did not notice at the time which gentleman left, but could certainly swear that it was the murdered man who had spoken to him from the window, and who appeared to be the principal in the dispute. A few minutes after the unknown gentleman left the murdered man, the accident occurred which prevented the coachman from any very close remembrance of particular incidents.

Poor Rush appeared to be much troubled during his examination by the police, which was very natural, as he had good reason to know that he would be greatly blamed, and would probably in the end be dismissed for carelessness. It is no pleasant thing to drive a coach, and to have people murdered in it. He was, however, much relieved when he found that his conduct, on account of the excitement occasioned by the accident, was not considered to be very culpable, and that he was only bound over to attend and give evidence at the inquest, which he was very willing to do.

The inquest was held in due course. Mr. Pritchard, the coroner, being an active, sensible man, nothing was left undone which might subserve the ends of justice. Several people were called as witnesses, but only three gave evidence of any consequence. The first was the clerk at the office where the coach started. He gave the names of the passengers booked, but he could not identify the murdered man.

The next was the coachman, John Rush, whose tale was much as has been already been told.

The most important point in his evidence was, that he affirmed that the murdered man spoke a little huskily through his nose, and had a way of lisping out his words, so that even in the midst of the fight he could hardly help laughing at him.

All this evidence he gave in a clear, straightforward manner, such as, it was thought, proved him beyond a doubt to have no complicity in the foul deed.

The third witness was the porter who discovered the dead body; and after these were one or two others who were present at the time, including the medical men who examined the corpse.

The coroner summed up with great ability, and the jury, without a moment's consideration, returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

The next day the body of the murdered man was buried, and the police renewed their search; but every one saw that after a little popular indignation and a little fuss on the part of the newspapers, the tragedy of the Bellair stage would most probably become one of those mysteries which wait for elucidation and punishment until the day of doom. Strange to say, however, the perpetrator of the crime was discovered, and convicted on his own evidence, and the very means which he adopted to hide the dreadful deed were the occasion of it being brought to light, as I shall now briefly explain.

The town of Bellair was about forty or fifty miles from Woodley, and the stage ran between the two places. A few miles from Woodley was another small town called Oakbourne, and in Oakbourne lived a widow lady, named Conway, and her daughter.

Mrs. Conway had a brother who was deaf and dumb. His name was Thomas Ellwood. His affliction, as might be supposed, was a source of great trial to his family, and had his parents been poor, it would probably have made his course in life much harder than it really was; but his father, old Mr. Ellwood, had but two children, the eldest a girl—who married while young a certain Mr. Conway—and Thomas, of whom I am about to speak.

After Jane Ellwood became Mrs. Conway she saw very little of her own family, for her mother was already dead; and in less than a year after her wedding-day she lost her father, and now her only surviving relative was her brother Thomas.

To Thomas Ellwood, his, father left almost all that he possessed, saying that his daughter, being married, wanted little, and that poor Tom could do nothing for himself. "Poor Tom," however, at the time of our story, was now no longer a boy, for he had nearly reached his fortieth year, but he had never married. His sister, Mrs. Conway, was older than himself, and had an only child, a daughter, now about seventeen years of age, called after her mother, Jane.

Now Jane had great expectations, for not only was her widowed mother well to do in the world, but her uncle, Thomas Ellwood, had declared that as he was on account of his infirmity likely to spend his days in bachelorhood, he would leave all his property to her. Jane had, moreover, a lover, a right good young man, to whom her mother had promised that she should in due time be united, which meant whenever Uncle Ellwood found opportunity, as had promised, to settle a certain large sum upon her. But Uncle Ellwood had hitherto neglected doing so, chiefly on account of an innate dislike which he had to doing business with lawyers. But time and love would allow of no longer delay. Uncle Tom had promised his sister and niece that he would arrange about the property early in the month of August, which had already begun; but when, two days after, he called at Mrs. Conway's house, he allowed that he had totally forgotten all about it. This confession was, of course, all made by dumb show, as from his birth he could not utter a word; and Mrs. Conway's discourse, as she scolded him, fell upon deaf ears. Thomas was a good-natured soul, and his sister carelessly thought it did not matter how she rated him; but although he heard never a word, poor Tom's heart was grieved, for he knew that he had vexed his sister.

Mr. Ellwood of course could not reply, although, with the usual tact of afflicted people, he made a shrewd guess at what his sister said. He carried a little tablet and pencil always about with him, and now he wrote:

"I'll go to Woodley to-morrow, Jane. The stage from Oakbourne to Woodley starts at six, and I'll go over."

Mrs. Conway read the sentence, and then smiled and nodded assent. The two were reconciled, and the rest of the evening passed off pleasantly enough. Jane's lover, Fred., had to go early, but Uncle Tom stayed to supper. Jane and her mother went with him to the gate, and there bade him good-night.

Mr. Ellwood then went straight home to his lodgings, and after arranging with his landlady to rouse him early the following morning, he went to bed. When the morning came he packed up a few necessaries, directed his luggage to Woodley—for he was a very punctual man—and then, after telling the landlady that he was going to that town for a day or two, he left. He booked from Oakbourney by the six o'clock stage, and arrived early in Woodley. The next day his sister received a letter from that town stating that after seeing his lawyer he found it necessary to go on to Bellair, but would return the next day.

The next day and the next came, but Thomas Ellwood never came back again. In his letter he stated that the business in question might have been done by an agent, but that Mrs. Conway's impatience and angry words had so agitated him, that he had resolved to go on at once and do everything himself. He finished his letter with an expression of love, but Mrs. Conway never forgot or forgave her own hasty words to which he alluded.

As day after day passed, Mrs. Conway, finding her brother still mysteriously absent from home, and that, as far as she could learn, he had not only been away for a much longer time than business could require, but had never been seen since, began to be much agitated, especially as every one was talking of a horrid murder in the Bellair coach.

At last she went to Bellair, and when she learned how the victim had *said* this and that, she thought little about it, for she knew poor Tom had no power to speak. One evening, however, she saw a drunken man rolling home. Like other fools of his class he scattered all he had about him, and Mrs. Conway's eyes fell upon a small letter case which she knew belonged to Ellwood. She picked it up, followed the drunkard, saw where he lived, and then applied to the magistrate. The drunkard was arrested. He proved to be none other than the coachman, John Rush, who could not, however, account fairly for the case. Drunk as he was, he was too sensible to betray himself. He was, however, held to bail, which, as he could not give, he was of course locked up.

The next day he was brought before the magistrate and examined. Mrs. Conway swore that the letter case belonged to her missing brother. The coachman swore that he bought it, with some other trifles, of a pedlar whom he met in the street, and as there was no evidence to refute this statement, he was at once discharged. Rush now saw that he was likely to become an object of suspicion, and prepared to flee.

Meanwhile the detective police, having at last a clue which even a blind man could not help but follow, set to work again in earnest. They saw Mrs. Conway, and suggested to her that it was her brother Ellwood who had been murdered, and that perhaps the coachman knew more of the affair than he chose to allow. This suspicion she of course at once declared to be groundless, as her brother, being deaf and dumb, could not have spoken, as the coachman asserted. A warrant, however, was obtained for exhuming the body of the murdered man. Mrs. Conway at once recognised her brother.

Rush was now again arrested, although the magistrate was greatly opposed to the proceeding, as he justly stated that there was not sufficient evidence to justify an arrest. A well-known lawyer, Mr. Chancery, here, however, came forward and clearly showed that if Rush, having every facility for forming a proper judgment, had sworn solemnly that the deceased *said* such and such things, the deceased being—as was now fully proved—deaf and dumb from his birth, he must either have deliberately committed perjury, or else he must have some complicity in the bloody deed, or possibly might be guilty of both. This argument, coming from a man like Mr. Chancery, was listened to with proper attention. The coachman was again taken into custody and committed for trial.

He was arraigned at the next sessions. Had he only murdered the unfortunate Mr. Ellwood and said nothing about it, he might possibly have escaped. But he condemned himself out of his own mouth by swearing at the inquest, that a man, now proved to be born dumb, had said certain things to him. When brought up for trial, he came with an air of defiance, and proposed to brazen out the whole matter. But when, after he had again been minutely questioned about what the murdered man said, and had sworn to it, other witnesses of undoubted character proved that the unfortunate man never could speak; then, turning to the judge, the criminal said, "The game is played out," and fainted.

The jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against John Rush.

It would, however, appear that all that the guilty man said about the beginning of the fatal journey was true. Mr. Ellwood really did leave his hotel to go to the post, but being anxious to arrive in Bellair that day, and seeing the stage, already started, rounding the corner, he got into it without returning for his luggage. The other passengers alighted at their several destinations, and he was left alone. Rush had some slight knowledge of him, and believing him to carry a large sum, had, when he found his victim left without protection, stopped the coach, and in an unguarded moment stabbed him in the neck. His first idea, after pillaging the murdered man, was to bury him on the spot; but fearing discovery, he first hid his spoils a little way off in the wood, and then concocted a story to account for the delay of the coach—wounding the horse himself, so as to bear out his tale.

Foreigners in Paris.

There are twice as many Englishmen in Paris as Americans, but they mostly occupy subordinate places, such as grooms, ostlers, valets, nurses, and governesses, and thus are not so much before the public eye as the transatlantic people, who are usually in easy circumstances if not rich. Few English families of wealth and position reside in the French capital. Britons have none of the American fondness for it, and, when they sojourn within the frontier, prefer Cannes, Pau, Tours, and Boulogne. The American is to be found either in Paris or Nice, the latter being now almost Americanised during the winter season. He seeks his countrymen, and lives on terms of sociability as soon as he meets them. The Briton rather avoids his compatriots, and is careful in his intercourse with them lest he should be compromised. He holds to his own customs, regardless of those of foreign lands; the American is not averse to a certain degree of flurry and fashion, nor to borrowing a bit of the local colouring belonging to the place where he finds himself. To most English eyes there is but one modern city, London; and there are English tongues that will maintain that in appearance it is equal to the Haussmanised capital, and in point of comfort much superior. Before the war there were over thirty thousand Germans in Paris, of which number there are probably one-third at present. The largest colony is the Belgian, which numbers thirty thousand. There are about ten thousand Swiss and seven or eight thousand Italians. The Dutch number five thousand, the Poles four thousand, the Americans between three and four thousand. There are only about twelve hundred Russians. The impression is that they are more numerous, because, like the Americans, they are generally wealthy and come under public notice more than if they were following humble occupations, as in the case of the Belgians. A score of years past, when a man spent money lavishly, it was a Russian prince, but latterly he has been eclipsed by the American democrat. Exceptionally it is an English nobleman, but only for a brief period, to sow some wild oats and then return to the land of his sires and Anglican habits.—*Albert Rhodes.*

A SHOEMAKER in a Vermont village having put a placard over his door, "I Will Not Trust No More," his rival across the street painted over his shop door, "Trust Here For Ever."

Carl's Life-Story.

"Master Luben, thou hadst better look to thy daughter."

"Eh?"

"Look to thy daughter, I say."

"Pshaw! They are children."

"In years—yes; but in heart they are old. Watch them for thyself."

And Joseph Luben, thus warned, bowed his head and reflected.

Let us understand the case:

Joseph Luben, now verging upon threescore, was the organist and music-master of the Grand Duke, and the leading man in the musical departments of the church and the opera. In the years agone a man named Martin Rosbach had been janitor and porter of the great cathedral, and had had care of the organ, and, under the music-master's direction, had made repairs upon the colossal instrument when repairs were necessary. This Martin Rosbach had been a genius in his way, and a dear lover of music. He had married a woman for his wife whose only qualifications were a sweet disposition, and a sweet voice—a woman who had been otherwise unfortunate, and who had been banished from opera and church choir for the brand that was upon her. But Martin had loved her, and had lived most happily with her; and a son had been born to them—born while they were both finding their chief comfort of life in love and music. The child had been named Carl, and he had grown up to be a fair-haired, sweet-faced boy, with a pair of large blue eyes that gleamed like sapphires in the changing light. And Carl had been suffered to attend his father about the great organ, and had waited upon the musicians in various ways. In fact, at the age of ten years, the boy had become so handy that he could not well be spared, and he was regarded as one of the fixtures of the organ loft.

When Carl was twelve years old his father died, and from that time the boy had almost done a man's work.

Joseph Luben had married late in life, and his only child living was a daughter named Olivia, only a few months younger than Carl. The two children had been thrown together much in the music gallery, and not a thought of danger had entered the master's mind until a friend had warned him, as we have seen.

Joseph Luben watched, as he had been directed, and ere long he was startled by the self-evident state of affairs. Carl Rosbach was only thirteen years of age, and Olivia not quite so old, and yet the flood of a great love was round about them—it poured out from their eyes, and murmured in their speech, and it was deep and solemn. The master was troubled. He would rather see his daughter stricken down with mortal disease than see her given up to the son of the poor janitor and the branded woman. And his resolve was quickly made. He called Carl to him one day, and having placed a small sum of money in his hands, he dismissed him from the theatre and from the cathedral, and told him he should require his services no more.

"I may speak with Olivia before I go?" said Carl, when he could command speech.

The master did not stop to consider, but spoke out bluntly the thoughts that moved him.

"No," he thundered—not loudly, but darkly and rumblingly—"I send thee away to separate thee from my child! I would have thee together no more. There—now go. Thou wilt find work enough if thou art modest and honest. Learn a trade. Do anything."

Carl Rosbach descended the stone steps from the cathedral loft like one stupefied; but the morning-star was rising when he knew it not. In the vestibule he met Olivia Luben, and when she asked him why he was cast down, he told her the story.

Old before their time—their souls matured in the spirit of music—and their hearts throbbing to the measure of divine melody—they had loved with a love as strong as older lovers might have known.

"What shall I do?" cried Carl. "O! how dark it will be henceforth. My light of life is stricken out—my morning-star is drifted from my sight!"

The girl caught him by the arm.

"Carl," she said, "go and be a man. There is music in your soul—O, how much!—more, far more than you know. I know it, though, for I have felt it. Go—and if, in the years, you come back to me with a true heart, my love shall be yours, as it is now!"

"Olivia!"

"I promise it, Carl!"

Drucilla Rosbach was shocked, but not greatly surprised, when she heard that her boy had been turned out from the conservatory. She was a woman well used to depending upon her own resources, and in the present instance she gave but little time to repining.

"My boy," she said, with her hand upon his head, "God is good. This is the best thing that could possibly have happened. I should never have had the heart to send you away. Thanks to Herr Joseph for having done it. Carl, thou hast musical ability of the very highest order; but it is cramped here in Weimar. When thou wert born thy father and myself found all our joy in music, and the spirit was made a part of thee at that time. In Vienna lives my brother, Sebastian Ulsdorf, attached to the Emperor's orchestra. I will send thee to him if thou wilt go. He will receive thee kindly, I know; and for my sake he will help thee—will help thee much if thou wilt show him thou canst help thyself."

The boy said he would go to Vienna. It was hard to leave his mother—hard to leave Weimar—but the future was before him, and his manhood was to be gained.

The preparations for the journey were speedily made, and with a change of linen in his light knapsack, and with the old violin which his father had left, in a bag under his arm, he set forth. His stock of money was very small, but his hope was large; and at the inns where he stopped, his violin seldom failed to yield him more than he required for sustenance. At length he reached Lintz, where he took passage on one of the large river boats for Vienna, and the captain, struck by his bright and winning appearance, gave him a berth under comfortable shelter upon the after part of the upper deck. There were many passengers on board, some of whom, Carl thought, from the deference paid to them, must be men of note. But he asked no questions—it was not his habit to be inquisitive touching things which did not concern him.

The evening was calm and beautiful, and the full moon, just rising above the forest trees, gave a strange charm to the scene. It was near midnight, and Carl Rosbach sat upon the deck and looked up into the starry vault. Then he arose and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the shimmering depths of the Danube. He thought of his mother; and he thought of the bright-faced girl who had promised to wait for him through all the years that must lead up to his manhood; and then he thought of his dead father, and of the paternal smile he should behold no more on earth. And thus his thoughts came to the old violin. He took it out from its bag, thinking to whisper his love through its inspired voice to his father's spirit. So he felt as he drew the bow over the strings. He had thought of no known melody—a new language was in his soul, and he was to give it form in music. He thought of his self-denying, loving mother, and sweet and grateful were the notes that awoke the air. He thought of the bright-faced girl of his boyish affection, and the notes grew plaintiff and pathetic. Anon, with the inspiration of hope and firm resolve, the music swelled to grander melody, and even the player himself was enraptured by the marvellous sounds of his own producing.

At length he dropped the violin upon his knees, and bowed his head, and on the next moment he felt a touch upon the shoulder, and a voice asked—

"Who art thou?"

Carl looked up and beheld a number of people standing not far away, but two men were close by his side, whom in the strong moonlight he could see distinctly. The man who had touched him was of middle-age, of benign aspect, and wore a bright golden ornament upon his breast. The other man was younger, with large, bright eyes, that gleamed strangely.

"Who art thou?" repeated the man, kindly.

"I am Carl Rosbach, of Weimar."

"Who has been thy teacher in music?"

"I have gathered instruction from all," replied the boy, in a bewildered way. "My father was a musician when he lived; and my mother is a most sweet singer."

"Where didst thou find the composition thou hast just been playing?"

Again the boy seemed bewildered; but finally he touched his finger upon his heart.

"I was thinking," he said, "and my thoughts became burdensome for want of utterance."

"But thou hadst heard those strains before?"

"I had *felt* them. They dwelt in my father's memory—in my mother's love—in the ripple of another's sweet smile—in the deep river, and in the deeper heaven. God's own hand hath written music everywhere!"

Both the men gazed upon the boy with wonder, and at length the one who had spoken before asked him whither he was going, and for what purpose; and upon this Carl, who liked the looks of the man, told his story.

"How now, Wolfgang," said the elder, turning to his companion, "have we not found a prize?"

"Aye, of a verity," answered Wolfgang.

"He shall be thine to instruct."

And then, turning to the boy, the man added:

"I know thy uncle, Sebastian Ulsdorf, and can promise thee a kind reception in Vienna. Sleep to-night, and we will confer on the morrow."

And on the morrow Carl Rosbach was called into the cabin, and he there learned that the man who had touched him upon the shoulder on the night before, and to whom he had told his story, was the Emperor, Joseph II., and that the younger man, with the wondrous eyes, was the musical monarch, Wolfgang Mozart!

Down upon his knees sank the boy, with his head low bowed, and when he had been lifted to his feet his eyes were swimming, and bright tears were trickling down his fair cheeks. But not long was he suffered to rest between the burden of awe. Both Joseph and Mozart so strove that very soon they had won the lad's entire confidence, and, when they called for his violin, and lifted him into the sphere of music, he was himself again, and at home.

Once in Vienna the Emperor took Carl Rosbach under his especial charge, and the promise which had been given in the boy did not fail in the man. Aye, more, of all who were considered worthy to appear by the side of Joseph's "great magician," Mozart, none occupied a higher place than did the fair-haired nephew of old Sebastian Ulsdorf.

The years were passing at Weimar. Joseph Luben was growing old, and he knew that ere long his place at the head of the Grand Orchestra must be given to another. His daughter Olivia, grown to be a woman, and surpassingly beautiful, was yet unmarried. She had had many offers—some of them from men of wealth and station—but she had not listened. Her father had besought her to take from the favoured ones a husband in vain.

Did Olivia know what was transpiring at Vienna? The bloom of hope upon her cheek, and the light of promise in her azure eyes, would seem to indicate that she was not entirely ignorant.

Had the music-master known that his daughter, in her wanderings, often stepped in at the humble abode of Drucilla Rosbach, and that she there learned of the absent son, and that from thence she sent messages to the still beloved one, he might have been wroth; but he did not know.

It was on a pleasant day in early spring that the citizens of Weimar turned out to welcome the Grand Duke Ferdinand back from his winter's visit to Italy and to Vienna. Chief among his train they beheld a young man, with a fair and beautiful face, and of grand presence, whom he seemed delighted to honour; and it was whispered that this was the friend and pupil of Mozart, who had come to be Master of Music in the capital of Saxe-Weimar.

That evening Joseph Luben was invited to visit the Ducal Palace, and to bring with him his daughter. The old man went, and he found the Grand Duke in the midst of the chief men of his court, and with him, upon his right hand, was the youthful stranger with the golden hair and azure eyes.

"Master Joseph," said Ferdinand, with a bright smile, "I introduce to you the Baron von Feldsberg, whom we have induced to come with us to our realm, to relieve thee of the burden which thine advancing years must have rendered irksome."

Old Luben took the hand of the young man, and as he looked into the handsome face he gave a great start.

The youth smiled.

"His Grace is pleased to give me the title which the Emperor insisted on bestowing upon me," he said; "but I like my own name better. Call me Carl Rosbach, and nothing more."

At first the old master was as one stupefied; then followed bewilderment; and before he could fully recover his senses the Grand Duke had led up another for introduction to his hero.

Poor Olivia! It was not in her power to contain herself. The whelming flood was too great. She tottered, and fell upon Carl's bosom, and he, with a great rapture, upheld her.

The end is plain to see. Joseph Luben gladly gave the hand of his daughter to the man who was to succeed him in office; and he even accepted to his warm friendship the mother whom he had heretofore looked coldly upon. As for Olivia, she was amply repaid for her years of faithful waiting, being one of the happiest among the happy, and one of the proudest of the proud—not proud within herself, but proud of the husband whom even princes delighted to honor, and at the shrine of whose genius the world of music knelt in adoration.

News Miscellany.

A Boy Shot by Troops.—The detachment of infantry now stationed at Schaffhausen was exercising a few days ago in mimic combat, when a boy of ten years of age, attracted by curiosity, finally found himself between the fire of the supposed combatants. He was hit by a piece of the socket of a bayonet and killed instantly. There is no blame attached to any one for the sad affair.

Miners A-Gipsying.—About eighty families were recently elected at Wood-hill, near Airdrie, by the Merry and Cuninghame Co. (Limited), and they encamped in the woods, gipsy fashion. Fortunately excellent weather prevailed, and comparatively little hardship was felt, except by the women and young children. Application was made to several farmers for the use of their barns, but so little sympathy was felt with the men for refusing work at 5s. a-day, that this privilege was not granted. Many amusing scenes were witnessed, and it was laughable to see the attempts of several to store their household goods under tents improvised with their wives' shawls, &c., and to set agoing their time-pieces of the kind known as "wag-at-the-wa'," when fastened to the trees.

Capture of a Band of Sharpers.—The police of Geneva have succeeded in the capture of a band of sharpers who had started an establishment in the city designedly to secure merchandise, from France more especially, with the object of fraud. By means of accomplices in several distant towns to whom these people gave references, they managed to induce some good firms to send a quantity of merchandise against drafts which were protested when they came to maturity. The members of the gang will be cited before the Court of Assize.

A Fortune in Itself.—Civility is a fortune in itself; for a courteous man generally succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend, and by another, that it was more pleasure to be denied a favour by his Grace than to receive a favour by most men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of every country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we may recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to strangers, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in behalf of, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him.

Novel Walking Match.—A novel scene was lately witnessed in New York—an American scene. A walking match between the proprietor of a leading daily newspaper and a member of the New York bar—between Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and John Whippole, Esq., a young lawyer of this city. The principal wager was 3000 dollars; the time of starting, seven in the morning; the place, from Mr. Bennett's residence on Fifth Avenue to Jerome-park, and the distance nine miles and seven furlongs. They had taken about a month's training in professional hands. Bennett made the distance in 1 hour 46 minutes 55 seconds, gaining the race by 6 minutes 55 seconds. It is estimated that 50,000 dollars changed hands on this race.

Mexican Revenge.—Corsican vengeance has become proverbial; but the Mexicans are developing a talent in that line which bids fair to cast the *vendetta* of Corsica into the shade. A ranchero named Miguel, living near Zacatecas, many years ago killed a man named Realjo in a duel. Realjo left a widow and one son about eight years of age. Miguel had a little daughter aged four years. Time passed on; the boy Realjo grew to be a man, and the little daughter of Miguel grew to be a woman. Finally the widow of the slain man died, leaving young Realjo alone in the world. He then set about avenging his father's death, a purpose which it seems he had cherished from childhood. He first poisoned the daughter and wife of Miguel, and then waylaid the latter—whom he thought to take unarmed—told him what he had done and why he had done it, and concluded by informing the bereaved husband and father that *his* time had also come, and bade him prepare to die. But Miguel, instead of preparing to die, suddenly drew a stiletto, rushed upon Realjo before the latter could fire upon him, and plunged the steel into his heart. The poisoner fell to the earth, and with his last breath boasted of his success in at least partly avenging the death of his father who had been killed so many years before, and died with a smile of mingled triumph and hatred upon his lips.

Three Students Drowned in the Lake of Geneva.—Three young American students have been drowned by the upsetting of a small cutter in the Lake off Lausanne. In opposition to the rules of the establishments where they were being educated, they had gone without a boatman on the water. Not returning home in the evening, their absence gave some uneasiness, but it was supposed that they had gone to Montreux. This uneasiness grew to alarm when they did not make their appearance on the following morning; and suspicious then began to awaken that they had met with some disaster on the Lake. The alarm was spread, and the captains of the steamboats received instructions to keep a sharp look out for any indications that might give a clue to the fate of the missing youths. Another day elapsed before the capsized boat was discovered on the French side of the lake, with the remains of one of them entangled in it. Two brothers, Woodberry, and their companion, Grant, formed the sole occupants of the boat, and as the disaster does not appear to have been witnessed, there only remains the supposition that, under the strong breeze that was blowing, the boat was upset from some unskilled manœuvring, or that one of the sudden squalls to which the upper end of the Lake of Geneva is subjected, had capsized it.

The Challenger in the Antartic Ocean.—A few particulars are published regarding the visit of H.M.S. Challenger to the Antartic Ocean, a visit which it seems was not barren in adventures. Before leaving Kerguelen a cairn was built and papers of instruction left in it for the transit of Venus party, who are expected to take up their station on the island at Christmas Harbour next December. On February 23rd, the ship, with her deep-sea exploring party on board, was about 45 miles from the supposed Termination Land. At the distance of six miles from the shore, as marked down by previous navigators, soundings were taken in 1300 fathoms, no land whatever being visible. A serious accident befell the ship on the 24th, her jibboom, dolphin-striker, and starboard whisker being carried away by an iceberg. On the same day the party had a narrow escape from a still greater disaster. In a heavy fall of snow, which prevented a look out of more than 100 yards ahead, a large iceberg was descried bearing down as though to crush both ship and crew. There was great confusion and consternation on board, but happily the danger was averted by backing the engines astern full speed. The following day there was still no sign of the whereabouts of Termination Land, and the Challenger set sail for Melbourne, leaving the existence of the place no better substantiated than heretofore. The Challenger, as already announced, reached Melbourne on March 17th. At that date the Tuscarora, belonging to the American navy, and engaged in an expedition similar to that of the Challenger, was at the Sandwich Islands.

Lord George Gordon and his Mother.—The romantic and melancholy story of the death of Lord George Gordon, sixth Earl of Aberdeen, who was lost at sea three years ago while serving under an assumed name as mate on an American merchant ship, has just been recalled to mind by the announcement that his mother, the Countess of Aberdeen, has sent a donation of 1600 dollars to the American Seaman's Society at Boston, for the purchase of books for the use of sailors. During his wanderings the young nobleman kept up a constant correspondence with his mother, and in some of his letters he spoke with admiration of the society to which she has now sent this gift in memory of him.

Swiss Nunneries.—Some time ago it was stated by the *Basler Nachrichten* that the nunneries of Switzerland are largely recruited from adjacent countries, those of Eastern Switzerland from Vorarlberg and the Tyrol, those of the central Cantons from the Black Forest, and those of Eastern Switzerland from France. This statement is corrected by a correspondent. Investigations show, he says, that the number of foreign nuns in Swiss establishments is small in proportion. There are 1133 nuns in the Confederacy. Eastern Switzerland (St. Gall, Appenzell, the Grisons, and Tessin) numbers 365, of which only 14 come from Vorarlberg and 8 from the Tyrol. In the nunneries of the central Cantons (Soleure, Lucerne, Zug, Aargau, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden) there are 537 nuns, 11 of which are natives of Baden. In Western Switzerland (Friburg and Valais) there are 231 nuns, of which number only 4 come from France. In the above figures, sister teachers, and the sisters of mercy working in the towns of Soleure, Neuchâtel, Friburg, Lucerne, &c., are not included. Most of the Swiss nuns are daughter of the *bourgeoisie* or of well-to-do-farmers.

Buried in her Wedding-Dress.—A widow of 70 years died recently in Portsmouth, the truth of whose life was stranger than any fiction. At the age of 18 she married the choice of her heart, a young sea captain, and, after a brief and happy honeymoon, he left her for a foreign voyage. But his ship was never heard from, and doubtless foundered at sea with all on board. The young husband, as he was dressing for sea the morning he left home, playfully threw a pair of stockings backwards over his head, to test some sailor's charm or other, and they chanced to land on the top of a canopy bedstead, he remarking, "Sarah, let them stay there till I come back." And many and many a long year they have lain there, but alas! he never returned. But neither love, nor hopes, nor expectations, ever died out in her faithful heart during all the many years of her lonely pilgrimage. To the last, whenever a door opened or a step was heard approaching, she turned to see if it might not be he whom she mourned and sought. But he never came again to her—let us hope and trust that she has gone to him. By her desire she was buried in her wedding-dress, with white gloves and wedding-ring.

A Single Rail Railway.—To the Philadelphia *Age* nothing in the way of speedy travelling seems improbable. It says in a recent issue: When it was announced that a stage coach would run from London to Oxford in a day, people laughed in incredulity. When it was long since prophesied that denizens of Philadelphia could sup in the "Quaker City" and breakfast the next morning in the "Smoky," still more incredulous was the laugh. Had any one at that time predicted that ere thirty years rolled around, Philadelphians could breakfast at home this morning and take dinner in Chicago to-morrow, he might *possibly* have been allowed to run at large as only a *harmless* lunatic. But all this and more has come to pass. We should not, therefore, in incredulity ridicule the inventor who now asserts that by a new invention in railway construction he will insure supper in Chicago this evening to those starting from here this morning—in other words, that he can make the distance within ten hours. This inventor is a Chicagoan; his invention, a *single rail* railroad; his claims, safety and astonishing speed. His cars, he says, are to have four wheels placed in line, and running over one track so elevated as to preclude accidents at country road crossings and from cattle massacres. As to other particulars concerning his invention he is reticent.

Hard Lines in the Prussian Service.—Prussian discipline deals hardly with those Germans who flinch under its yoke. A Saxon officer, a Hanoverian by birth, who had served King George till the time of his dethronement, and when expatriated sought refuge under the Saxon banner, has been recently cashiered for refusing to drink the Emperor William's health on a public occasion. A Bavarian corporal of the reserve has now been dealt out even more rigorous punishment for a lesser offence. Regarding the war medal of 1870-71 as a badge of servitude to Prussia, he has declined to wear it, and for this offence he has been sentenced to degradation and a year's imprisonment. Against this sentence the corporal has appealed, on the ground that he cannot be compelled to wear decorations; but opinion in Germany seems to doubt whether his suit will be successful.

"Steeple Jack" in Edinburgh.—The enterprising individual known throughout the three kingdoms as "Steeple Jack" was engaged lately on the top of the tall column in the works of the Edinburgh Gas Company, examining the state of the structure with a view to its immediate repair. It seems that part of the stalk near the top had been split in several places by lightning, and it was thought necessary to make good the damage by encircling the brickwork with iron hoops. "Steeple Jack," in order to reach the summit, had recourse to his usual method of flying a kite over the column, which is upwards of 320 ft. in height, and then drawing himself up by a rope, to the free end of which a couple of 56 lb. weights were attached. The daring character of the feat excited considerable interest among knots of people in the vicinity of the stalk.

Opium Eating in the United States.—According to the *Cincinnati Gazette* the use of opium as a stimulant is becoming pretty general throughout the United States. Women appear to be more addicted to the habit than men, and it prevails to a larger extent among the richer and better educated classes than among the poor. The Custom-house Returns show that the quantity of opium imported into the country (reaching now nearly 250,000lb. annually) is ten times more than it was 30 years ago, and it is the opinion of physicians and druggists that not more than one-third of the quantity is used for medical purposes.

Carillon Chimes in London.—It has often been a matter of surprise to English travellers, when listening to the melodious carillons in the lofty and elaborately ornamented belfry towers of Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and other mediæval cities, that so little has been done towards introducing chimes of this description into their own country. Of late they have, however, been adopted in the new town-halls of Bradford and Rochdale, and at Worcester Cathedral. The city of London is about to follow this good example, as a fine set of carillon chimes is being manufactured for the new Wool Exchange, in Coleman and Basinghall-streets. It consists of fifteen bells, which, at frequent intervals, will play a series of tunes, including the "Sicilian Mariners," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Home, sweet home," &c. This addition to the architectural embellishments of the city is the result of the public spirit of Colonel Croll, formerly Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

An Auctioneer's Practical Joke.—A wealthy man, who owns a country residence, recently became dissatisfied with it, determined to have another, and instructed an auctioneer, famous for his descriptive powers, to advertise it in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling purchasers to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they wanted, and that they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the auctioneer and told him that the place he had advertised was such a one as he desired, and he would purchase it. The auctioneer burst into a laugh, and told him that that was the description of his own house, where he was then living. He read the advertisement again, pondered over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawn," &c., and broke out, "Is it possible! Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for by George! I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me."

The American Vintage.—A dinner was given in Paris some twenty years ago, which created a great sensation from the fact that every item in the bill of fare came from America. This seems no wonderful feat in these days, when the most humble board may be instantly spread with prairie hens, preserved lobsters, and apples from the United States, not to mention more substantial food, but a special steamer was then needed to realise the fancy of a *millionaire*. The American dainties were duly appreciated by the guests, but one o the party has left on record that the wine was abominable. He might, perhaps, now acknowledge that the vintage of the United States has improved. However that may be, the amount of wine produced there is considerable. It is estimated by a New York paper at twenty millions of gallons, representing an annual value of 14 million dollars. Almost all the wine in the country is made in the States of Ohio, New York, Missouri, Illinois, and California, which last produces five million gallons, one-fourth of the whole amount.

Extraordinary Stone Idol.—M. José Ortiz de Tapia, a Spanish *savant* who has been engaged for many years in investigating the archæology of Central America, has brought to New York the most important and valuable collection of Mexican antiquities that has yet been gathered together. Among some thousand objects it includes an extraordinary stone idol, stated, according to Indian tradition, to represent Cucumaz, the God of the Air. It is cut from a block of chocolate-coloured porphyry, is about two feet high and about 18 inches in diameter. The shape is that of a feathered serpent in a solid coil, from whose widely-distended mouth the head of a woman emerges, her arms and legs appearing between the coils. This is supposed to represent the creation of woman. The type of her face bears no likeness to that of any race at present to be found in Mexico, but much resembles the sculptured faces found in Egyptian ruins. Another singular curiosity that also appears to connect the New with the Old World in pre-historic times is an image cut from a black stone in the likeness of a negro. Not only are the features of the true Ethiopian type, but the shape of the head and the conformation of the figure. But these small statues are admirably carved and finished, although their worshippers were certainly ignorant of the use of iron. Every day seems to bring forward fresh evidence that the American continent, at various periods long anterior to the voyage of Columbus, received visitors and colonists from the Old World.

Elihu Burritt's Work at Eventide.—In reply to an invitation to lecture before an educational body, Elihu Burritt speaks thus modestly of the work which he has laid out for his evening of life: "I feel that I am finished as a lecturer, especially before American audiences. Then I expect to go to England next summer to see old friends once more, and to look after my books, new and old. I have just sent to London my Sanskrit Grammar and Reading Lessons, which will probably be put to press about the 1st of July, and I must be on hand to correct proofs, &c. Then I am deeply in my philological work. I have finished the Sanskrit, Hindostanee, and Persian series, and am about half through with the Turkish, in the end expecting the four languages will be issued in one large volume, but in parts at first. Then I intend to take up the Semitic family or Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac, and Ethiopic, and do the same by them. Thus you see I am beginning a work which should occupy a long life, and I am in its evening hours."

Indian Cattle Raids.—The Indians in Dakota territory have been raiding on cattle again. They made a descent upon the settlers on the 23rd of April, near Fort Lincoln, carrying off stock—eighty mules being the greater part, and some other property. They were overtaken, the property and stock all recovered, and the robbers routed. A few days later the Sioux fired into the army scouts at Fort Felterman, in Wyoming territory. Again at camp Augus, in Texas, on Red River, the Comanches have fired into the camp twice within the last few months. The Indians usually begin mischief in these scattering depredations. Some larger trouble is expected to follow this summer.

Lilies of the Valley and Apricots.—The bunches of lilies of the valley (says *The Garden*) seen in such profusion in the London streets lately come to us mainly from the neighbourhood of Toulouse. Many thousand large bunches were received in Covent-garden. These were subdivided into the small bunches seen in the streets. These lilies come packed in boxes, with abundance of their own leaves, and travel well. Apricots from Spain are now selling in Covent-garden; they are of the variety known as the Kaisha, and come from Valencia. What a pity it is that wars and revolutions make progress in cultivation and fruit-growing almost impossible in this fine country, whereas in parts of America not yet settled 20 years these arts are in a highly advanced state! The South of France sends large supplies to our markets, whereas Spain, though possessing a more favourable climate for early crops, sends as yet very little.

A Terrible Arithmetician.—It is related that when, at the Franco-German peace preliminaries, the sum of milliards—which sat so lightly on France—was mentioned by Bismarck, Jules Favre appeared speechless with horror. When he had recovered from the paroxysm, all he could say was "that, even if one were to count from the time of Christ till now, one could not manage to count such an enormous sum." Upon which Bismarck replied, with a smile, "Don't let that distress you; I have thought of that, and therefore brought this gentleman"—pointing to Bleichroeder, the Jewish banker—"with me. He counts from the creation of the world." In reckoning time the Jews pay no regard to the Christian era.

Misapplied Ingenuity.—An ingenious person (says a contemporary) has lately been testing the capacity of the Post-office in delivering letters. He first of all sent a post-card with both the letter and the direction written in shorthand. The card was duly received with the direction translated into long-hand in red ink. Not content with this trial, the experimentalist directed an envelope in shorthand to himself. This letter also returned without any re-direction at all. The Post-office was thereupon pronounced a most successful institution, and the result of the test was published. We believe that the Post-office can do even greater things than these. The officials have even been known to decipher an address consisting of the signature of a correspondent, whether written in shorthand, long-hand, or no hand at all, and cut out by the bewildered recipient, who has handed the puzzle over to the Post-office. But we hope it will not become the fashion to test the office in this playful way. A pile of letters directed in Sanscrit or Chinese might drive the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand to madness; or perhaps experiments may be made in another direction and live white mice sent in a box, or a bundle of needles in a paper parcel, to try the various qualities which the officials may be supposed to possess.

The Summer Rush from the United States.—The New York *Tribune* shudders over the possible illness of the crowds that now "go down to the sea in ships" and remarks: About this time the annual emigration sets out to Europe in full strength. The trade is lively in steamer chairs, so many of which go abroad and so few come back, that it must in time affect the equilibrium of the continents. The young and thoughtless are engaged in selecting coquettes and attractive sea-raiment, which most of them will never wear; the labour of unpacking a trunk and the Sisyphus-toil of dressing at sea are not conceivable on land. Every one anticipates sea-sickness, and no one comprehends it. The preparations made against it only show how deep is the awe in which this absurd visitation is held, and how impossible are all schemes for circumventing it. Each family which sails from our ports goes provided with recipes by the dozen, all certified as infallible by travelled friends, and each of which is morally certain to increase the malaise and misery of the destined victim. Champagne, sherry, stout, and whisky are recommended and condemned. You are told to eat lemons and to avoid them like poison; to take a hearty supper and to go to bed fasting; to keep cool and to keep warm; to be as quiet as possible and to take as much exercise as you can stand. One friend will tell you to stay on deck; another (and we have great confidence in him) to lie on your back in your bunk as long as you are uncertain of your state of mind. This seems wise for many reasons. You appease the Foul Fiend by appearing to give way to him; you gain time for meditation and for thinking over the subject of Quick Transit; you are saved from exposing your unlovely misery to a scoffing world—and it is easier to lie still than to get up.

A Flock of Sheep Stifled.—In a shed in the village of Au, Canton St. Gall, 78 sheep out of a flock of 110 were stifled from want of air. The shepherd (says the *Swiss Times*) had carefully closed the door, and there only remained two small openings in the shed. When the man entered in the morning he found a group of dead sheep before each aperture, and those that remained alive were struggling over the dead bodies of their companions to get a breath of air.

Glasgow Gallantries.—This is how they arrange agreeable meetings in Glasgow:

WANTED, Two Young Ladies to accompany Two Young Gentlemen for a Drive on the Queen's Birthday.—Address enclosing carte, 1932, Citizen Office.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Wanted, Two Young Ladies desirous of a day's pleasure, to accompany Two Young Gentlemen to the Fair Land o' Burns on the Queen's Birthday; no one above 24 need apply.—Address, enclosing carte, 1919, Citizen Office.

TWO Young Ladies desire the company of Two Young Gentlemen for Queen's Birthday; enclose cartes, if psssible.—1922, Citizen Office.

The above advertisements appeared in the *Glasgow Citizen*, which is thus acting as a medium in the interests of amiable couples.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.—Although Italy is already connected with the transalpine world by at least four railways—two over the Simmering and Brenner Passes, the Mont-Cenis line, and the coast-road from Nice to Genoa—there is no direct rail communication with Switzerland, Western Germany, and Belgium. It is for the purpose of securing this intercommunication that the St. Gothard Tunnel and its connecting lines are being opened. This great work of opening a tunnel, eight miles in length, beneath Mont St. Gothard, is advancing rapidly, and, by the aid of improved machinery, and the more powerful modern explosives—dynamite and nitro-glycerine—it is hoped that the bore will be completed in the year 1880. From a recent report of their work we learn that the boring-machine employed is the Belgian one of Messrs. Dubois and François, which is capable of giving from three to four hundred blows a minute. The proper direction of the bore, which is straight throughout, is secured in the following simple manner: As the work advances, lamps are hung from the centre of the roof. These are kept in line by means of a stationary telescope, fixed at some distance from the mouth. As this line of vision is constant, the lamps must be vertically in line, or the fault will be at once recognised, and the correction in the direction of the bore may be made. When completed, the length of this tunnel will be twenty-eight hundred yards over that of Mont Cenis.

Dining at a Restaurant Table d'Hote in London.—There are in London (says a correspondent of the *Queen*) just a few restaurants where you can, without any impropriety, take a lady to dine at the *table d'hôte*, if, as it chanced with us not long ago, you are in a hurry to eat *en route* for a theatre. It is with a restaurant of this description we have to deal in this present paper. The room was everything to be desired—gilding, mirrors, lights, flowers (both real and artificial), snowy linen, glittering glass. All this luxury and the dinner for five shillings! It looked full of promise. The *menu* was as follows, a mixture of French and English:

Potages.
Jardinière. Purée aux artichauts.
Poissons.
Turbot sauce Hollandaise. Soles frites.
Entrées.
Côtelettes macédoine. Indian curry.
Rôts.
Stewed beef. Roast loin of pork.
Entremets.
Compôte de fruits. Cabinet pudding.

Our readers will remark, and very justly, that this reads like an excellent dinner; unfortunately it was only excellent on paper. With that sense of justice which characterises us, we cheerfully determined to eat a little of everything. It was melancholy to observe how our cheerfulness evaporated with each dish. Let us, however, begin at the beginning. The *jardinière* was very hot. The cook had, in all probability, been hustled while he was making it, and had dropped the pepper pot into the pan; the vegetables were hard; the purée had perhaps dreamt of an artichoke, but had never found it; the soup, however, was white and clean-looking, and that was something. The less said about the sauce Hollandaise the better. The turbot was woolly. We asked for cutlets, they came; they were the thinnest shavings of meat we ever saw. We should have been able to see through them had it not been for a perfectly thick wall of bread crumbs, so thick that we hardly reached the meat after all. There was no macédoine at all, only thick, glutinous, tasteless gravy. The Indian curry! It was a pale brimstone yellow; it was hot, very hot; it was an English curry without disguise; it was simply abominable. Well, at any rate, we had two joints to look forward to, which must be good. We began upon the beef. The slice of beef placed before us was nearly raw, there was not a sign of vegetables either in the taste or on our plates, only a quantity of more glutinous gravy. In despair, we tried the pork; there was a minute morsel of lean, masses of fat, and the crackling, like the fair Dead Sea fruit, turned to ashes on our lips.

Naturalisation of Russian Subjects.—A new law is in preparation in Russia to facilitate the naturalisation or expatriation of Russian subjects. At present it is not permissible for any Russian born to renounce his allegiance or accept citizen's rights in another country, at least according to the letter of the law. Evasions have always proved possible, and the Emperor, on being applied to for permission, has generally placed no obstacle in the way of Russians desiring to transfer their allegiance to some other country. By law Russians doing so forfeit all their political rights, and on their return to Russia are made liable to deportation. In the case of naturalised Russians the law is not quite so rigid. The new statute is to assimilate Russian institutions to those of other countries, removing the bar in the way of expatriation, and making its legality dependent only upon the proper observation of some prescribed forms.

The Swiss Alpine Club.—At the spring meeting of the Simmenthal-Shanen section of the Swiss Alpine Club, M. Zaugg delivered a lecture on the coal veins of the Klus near Bultigen (Canton of Berne), in which he endeavoured to show that these seams were the richest in carbon of Switzerland. In the same sitting the plan of an Alpine museum was also considerably advanced, committees being appointed for the different districts, charged to make collections. The Oldenhorn and the Diablerets were fixed upon as the objects of their summer's excursion.

The Features of Arthur Orton and Roger Tichborne.—We have been favoured with a very able pamphlet by Mr. F. Piercy, the memorial portrait painter of Pall-mall, in which he seems to us clearly to demonstrate that the features of these two persons ought never to have been confounded together. The pamphlet contains lithographic reproductions of enlarged photographs taken from the portrait of Roger known as the Chili daguerreotype, and from a portrait of Orton, which was one of the last taken and most nearly approaches the Chili portrait in pose. By these one is enabled to see at a glance that the eyebrows, eyes, nose, and mouth of the two faces do not in the least degree resemble one another, excepting that they both possess "what is inseparable from humanity." The faces, in fact, belong to distinctly different types, and Mr. Piercy points out that a line drawn through the commissures of the eyelids forms in Roger's countenance an angle greater than a right angle with the mesial line of the face, but that the same angle in Orton's face is less than a right angle. There are lithographs also of Orton's left ear and Roger's left ear, which show that not only was Roger's ear pointed, with an attached lobe, while Orton's is rounded with a free lobe, but that Orton's ear is three-quarters of an inch longer than Roger's. Two portraits of the artist's right ear are given, the one taken in 1857 and the other in 1873. There is no mistaking the identity of these two ears, notwithstanding this interval of 16 years, and the fact that Mr. Piercy has himself "increased very considerably in bulk" during that time. The sun is a witness who is never likely to be tried for perjury, and under Mr. Piercy's guidance would be almost certain to confute any future false claimant to estates.—*Lancet.*

New Style of Elegiac Verse.—Elegiac verse has long been a mark for cynical comment, on the ground that in such compositions truth is usually sacrificed to feeling. The following commemorative stanzas, by an American poet, however, are worth preserving, as a model for the expression of affectionate regret, combined with a truthful presentment of the characteristics of the deceased:

Willie had a purple monkey
Climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off,
It made him deathly sick;
And in his latest hours he clasped
The monkey in his hand,
And bid good-bye to earth, and went
Into a better land.

Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister
With his little wooden gun,
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail,
And make her youl for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out straight
The gun is laid aside,
The monkey doesn't jump around,
Since little Willie died.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

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CHAPTER XIII.

OUT OF THE VALLEY.

Larry gave one glance over the crag behind him, to see that the scoundrels below were in perfect unconsciousness of what was going on upon the mountain slope, and then dashed after his leader; but before they had gone many yards they stopped as if spell-bound by the sight which met their eyes, for they had seen Adams suddenly rush forward and tear down the signal, and the next moment he and the muleteer were engaged in a fearful struggle upon what seemed to be quite a narrow ledge. The mules were halted some distance back, and from the composed way in which the women kept their places, it was evident that the sight was hidden from them by some interposing crag.

It was a dire struggle, but did not last above a minute, during which the two men heaved and swayed here and there, till reaching the edge they remained bent over, trying hard to recover their balance, then they fell and rolled over and over down the steep side, to disappear the next moment from their view.

Larry uttered a hoarse cry as they disappeared, and bounded forward, closely followed by Dawson. The way was very painful though, and soon became a climb down to where at last they found Adams looking very pale and dazed sitting upon a fragment of rock.

"An' are ye killed, masther dear?" cried Larry, feeling him all over. "Not a bone bruk," he cried joyfully; "only his head, and that don't matther a bit."

"Not much the matter, I believe," said the young man, giving himself a shake, and taking a little whisky from Dawson's flask.

"And that treacherous scoundrel," exclaimed Dawson; "he hasn't escaped."

Adams pointed down into a rift, from which he had crawled.

Larry sprang down on the instant, to come back after a few minutes, with a strange, dry look upon his countenance.

"Dead?" said Dawson, in a hoarse whisper.

"Are there any crows an' bastes of burden of that kind in this' part of the counthry, sor?" said Larry, evading the question.

Dawson nodded—"Yes," he said, "plenty."

"Then be the same token, I hope the black-hearted villin won't disagree wid 'em. There's the ladies a beckoning of ye. Come along, for them chaps may make em out afther all."

"Was he quite dead, Larry?" said Dawson, hanging back to speak to the Irishman, as they climbed towards the edge where the mules stood, as patient as so many sheep.

"Sure, sor, I didn't like to say so before the masther; but the baste fell legs upwards, and," he added in a whisper, "he hadn't got any head left worth spaking about."

Dawson shuddered, and the next minute they were leading the mules back into a place of safety, which they found amongst the rocks; where at least they could count upon being secure from observation.

Here, while the mules were resting and partaking of their provender, a council of war was called, and the matter argued in all its bearings. It was impossible to hide from the women the fact that they were in the midst of dangers; but they bore it all with fortitude, and a look of admiration more than once stole across Dawson's face as Mary made some quiet, sensible remark.

Two courses seemed open to them—to retreat, and give up the project for the time, as the valley was open in their rear, or to go forward, and try either to find a way of getting out on to the plain on the right, or boldly pass by the ruffians' camp.

"Well, Larry," said Dawson, at last—for that individual had sat sucking the end of his stick, and listening attentively—"Well, Larry, what do you say?"

"Sure, yer honour, it isn't for the likes of me to make plans, only to take orders."

"Never mind; tell us what you'd do. Would you go back?"

"Would I go back?" said Larry, in a tone of contempt. "I jist wouldn't for the likes of thim!"

"Then what would you do?"

"What would I do, yer honour? I'd invint a stratijim, and deludher the varmint. I'd jist fade the bastes full to contintment, and muzzle their fate, and thin stale by the ill-looking ruffians, laughing in my slave at 'em for a set of fools, begging the ladies' pardons."

"I'm for Larry's plan," said Dawson.

"So am I," said Adams.

"And I'll tell you what it is, Larry, only let us have good luck, and get to the silver region; it's no little sum you shall have to take back with you to the old country, if you want to go."

"Sure, yer honour," said Larry, with a cock of his eye, "an' isn't it a bad plan to begin givin' away what you haven't got?"

"There, get some sleep," said Dawson, laughing, "and I'll take the watch."

Objections were made, but overruled.

"Unless you have rest you cannot get through the task to-night," said Dawson, and the force of his remarks were patent to all.

The sun seemed to come down with greater force than ever as the afternoon wore on, and Dawson saw from where he watched, a couple of the enemy come up twice and take a long look down the valley; but they soon retired, and he in his turn stole forward, and, creeping from crag to crag, keeping himself well under cover, thoroughly made himself master of the bearings of the place, with the result that he soon found that there was no way by which mules could pass, save along by where the enemy watched. On foot they might have climbed down from rock to rock, and so gained the plain, but with their beasts of burden here was the only opening.

He was returning when a detached stone suddenly attled down close by him, and he had only time to throw himself flat on his face close under a large crag, when he became aware of the fact that one of the spies was up above him, climbing higher and higher, and looking right over where he lay.

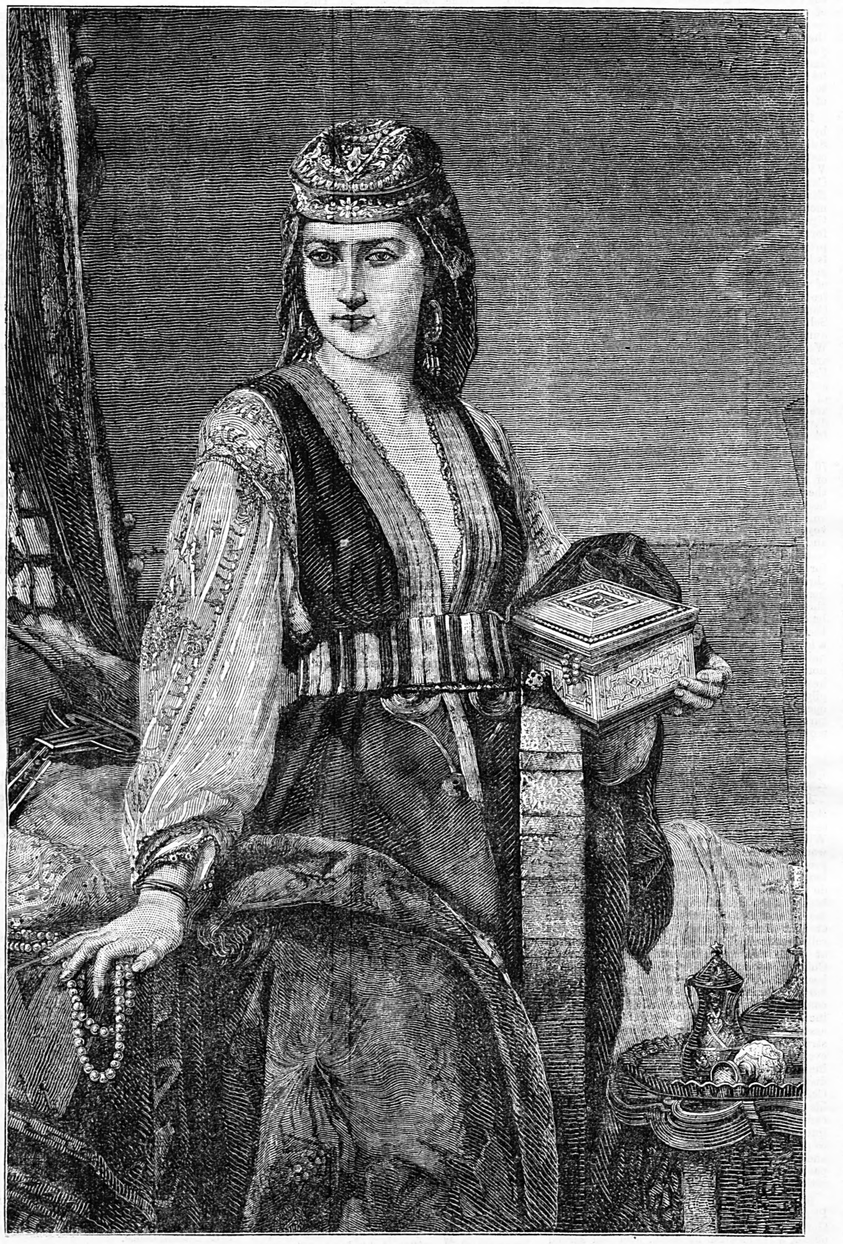
It was a narrow escape, and he lay for quite half-an-hour aware that a movement on his part must mean betrayal of his position. Then he heard the fellow retire whistling, and he crept back in safety to their hiding place.

The fatigue of the party had been so great, that, save the watch, they all slept heavily till about ten, when Adams awoke them; refreshment was partaken of, and they prepared for their start.

By the time the women were ready, the mules' feet had been covered with the woollen rug pads; every arrangement possible had been made for their safety, and they set off, Dawson going on in advance as scout, Larry bearing his orders to and fro to Adams, who led the first mule.

Slowly, step by step, they crept on down a precipitous ravine, so carefully that hardly a stone was moved. It was as though a ghostly procession was on its way—the phantoms of some former mule train; and at last they reached the lower level, where there was what might be termed the pathway to the valley—the place where the enemy had pitched their camp.

Here they halted for a few minutes to be joined by Dawson and Larry, the former giving his final orders in a whisper to Adams—namely, that as soon as they were out of the shadow of the rocks he was to turn sharp round to the right, and, making the moon his mark, lead the mules right on her silvery track for the next two hours, and then, if not overtaken by him, to halt for one hour. That space of time past, Dawson advised that they should travel on till morning, and then seek some safe place where they could rest for a week; and then it would be wise for them to return—giving up the quest.



A CIRCASSIAN LADY. *(Published by Permission of Goupil and Co.)*

"But you, Mr. Dawson?" said Mrs. Adams anxiously.

"Well, my dear madam," he said sadly, "it will be only a bit of fate. However, I am talking of the worst, and of what you must do if those fellows stop Larry and me, for though we go in front now, we shall halt by the camp here till you get by, and then try to follow. Good-bye," he said warmly.

"For the present—good-bye," said Mrs. Adams, "but had we not better give up?"

"Hist—not so loud. They are not two hundred yards away, though they all seem to be asleep and no watch set. Give up? Oh, no! That would never do."

He took a step or two, to where Mary Adams was standing by her mule, and held out his hand to her without a word.

Mary seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then she gave him her hand, saying "Good-bye" quite calmly.

The next minute he gave Adams a few final orders, and then she saw him step out of the dark shadow where they stood, and, closely followed by Larry, go silently on along the level towards where the scarped rocks on the right rose higher, and cast a shadow right across this the narrowest part of the "gate." Then they seemed to disappear—all three who watched noticing how soon a departing figure grew misty in the distance, and auguring therefrom well for their escape—*could they once pass the enemy.*

"Up on your mule, Mary," said Adams, helping her;" "and now be ready. Perfect silence mind. We start in a minute."

Adams's blood ran cold, for, as he helped his sister to mount, the mule gave an impatient squeal, and stamped with one of its fore feet.

At another time this would have been enough to set the whole train of seven in commotion; but they were replete, and, perhaps, sleepy. Not another paid any heed to the skittish objector, and the time being up, Adams uttered one more word of warning, drew his revolver with his right hand, took the leading mule's bridle with the left, and started out of the shadow, the other docile beasts following in single file, and in perfect silence.

Not two hundred yards to traverse before they would be level with the spot where the desperadoes lay asleep. Adams's heart thumped heavily; but he never hesitated for a moment. He had strung himself up for the task, and on he went, lightly and quickly.

One whinney from the mules, one sharp kick against a loose stone would betray them; but they passed over half the distance in safety. Then, in the obscurity of the shadow ahead, Adams could just make out two watching figures, and, for aught he could tell, they might be a couple of their enemies. He was compelled to believe that they were friends, and step boldly on, hard as was the task.

Three-parts of the distance. Another minute, and if they were fortunate they would be past.

What was that? Good heavens! the slightest hitch would now be fatal.

There was a soft rustling noise, as if someone alighting from a mule; and as Adams looked back, his heart seemed to stand still, for he saw that Mary, who rode the last, had leaped down, and had taken his wife in her arms, lifted her from her seat on the last mule but one, and was carrying her.

To halt now would have been fatal; to have left his guidance of the first mule as bad. A glance decided him: He knew Mary's strength, and he led on, and in this fashion the train went by Dawson and Larry, both motionless as statues—the mules led by Adams following one by one, and the rear brought up by Mary Adams with her sister's slight form in her arms.

Hearts beat faster—hearts seemed to stand still, as the strange grey moon-silvered train went silently by where, in a heap upon the sand, lay in the dark the whole party of desperadoes.

The last mule past—Mary past with her burden, and then, at a sign from Dawson, she was joined by Larry, who, without a word, relieved her of her fainting load.

Ten yards passed danger—twenty yard past—thirty yards past; and, as Dawson watched, the mules already were beginning to grow misty-looking as they trudged on for the silent plain, one great grey lake, apparently, now in the moonbeams. Then there was a faint yawn, and he had but time to throw himself flat down upon his face, when a man rose from the shadow, got up, shook himself, and strode out into the moonlight, gazing in the direction from which the fugitives had just come. Had he looked towards the plain, he must have seen the dim, ghostly-looking, slow-moving train; but, as it was, he stood scanning the valley for fully a minute, and that short space of time was long enough for the dim misty figures to fade or dissolve, as it were, in the silvery mist of the vast plain.

But for this, Dawson would have sprung upon him. He knew, however, that a scuffle meant an alarm and certain pursuit. All depended on his delaying discovery of self as long as possible.

It was a nerve-trying position for the strong man to lie there—revolver in one hand and a keenly pointed bowie knife in the other—waiting till this cold-blooded ruffian should discover and attack him; but it was for *her* sake, though she did not love him. He might spring up and run for his life and get away, but it would be like betraying their escape and laying the dogs upon their track. No; every minute was priceless in its worth for them now, and if he never joined them again, Mary would think tenderly in the future of the man who had given his life to save hers.

"And a deal of good that would do us both," thought Dawson, waking out of his romantic dream. "I reckon I mean to get the better of this rowdy, and join 'em again, and lay siege to my darling till she gives in. Patience is a virtue, lad. Here he comes."

The man yawned loudly, and muttered sleepily as he turned and looked towards the plain, where all now was one silvery-grey mist. Dawson's nerves grew tense as steel, and he gathered his forces for a spring, and the struggle to come. One blow and a run for liberty. Yes, that would do; he would run back into the valley; it would be easy to dodge them there, and then at daybreak he would scale the mountain, climb down one of the precipitous sides, and make for the plain that way. He could sooner or later find the trail and reach them. Yes, that would do. Now for it.

"Hallo!" cried the ruffian, who now saw him; and Dawson's armed hands were drawn up beneath him as he lay face downwards, but only for him the next moment to rest there motionless as one dead.

"Hallo!" cried the ruffian, coming closer. "What the tarnation d'ye want? Crawl in there, for the moon 'll be on you d'rectly and drive you mad. Get up."

He accompanied this last order with a kick in the prostrate man's ribs, evidently thoughtless of the motto, "Let sleeping dogs lie."

"Get up, d'y'ear?"

There was another and heavier kick, but Dawson did not move.

"D'y'ear, Pete—get up!" he cried again, and there was a fresh kick.

Dawson gave a sleepy growl.

"Lie there, an' go mad then," said the fellow with an oath; and Dawson, who was drenched with perspiration, heard the ruffian yawn, straggle back to the lair under the rocks and throw himself down.

Saved! and yet the nervous strain was greater than ever; so strong was the desire to spring up and run for life. But he mastered the feeling, and lay there perfectly motionless for what seemed an age; then, slowly creeping inch by inch as might a serpent, he made his way along, pausing over and over again to listen.

It was cruel work, and he dare not attempt to rise until quite a hundred yards intervened, and then it was on all-fours that he crept softly away for another hundred yards.

There were no stones now to wind amongst; he was on the edge of the broad plain brilliantly lit by the moon, and even now he dared not rise, but crept away still upon hands and knees till he was quite a quarter of a mile away. Then he rose and listened.

Not a sound—one strange and awful silence. He looked back; there dimly seen were the rocks of the valley shining in the moonlight, but no pursuers were visible, and Dawson stopped to think.

If these men were clever they would be able to trace him by his footprints—perhaps follow those of the mules. Anyhow, he could do nothing. It would be the natural track he thought bitterly; there was no scoundrel now to leave traces of their route. And, perhaps, the fellows would remain watching for days, never thinking they had passed. At any rate, there was no help for it; he must join his friends, and try devices when he was with them to blind those who might follow.

"Steer by the moon," he had said to Adams. There was hope in her bright face; and, with an exultant cry of joy, he drew a long breath and started off at a long double, which he kept up with little exertion to himself, and rapidly covering the ground.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE DESERT.

Day broke at last to find Caleb Dawson alone upon the vast plain. He had walked on all night in the direction he had indicated; and now he halted, weary, choked, and half blinded by the alkali dust that rose in an impalpable powder, and a dread was upon him that he might wander for days, and never find the trail of his friends. It should lie, he thought, off to the left; but it was almost as probable that it lay off to the right.

"Any how I must have a rest," he thought, so he sat down in a clump of sage brush, filled and lit his pipe, and smoked it out to the very end. Then he rose refreshed with his quarter of an hour's halt. It was a pure bright morning, and the sun was about to rise. All around looked clear, cool, and fine, and there was a soft dew upon the leaves of the artemisia which began to glisten in the soft light.

He took a long look round.

"That's the east," he said—"By the way," he continued, with a sigh, "I hope Adams won't muddle himself with that compass."

He could see nothing but plain—plain—plain everywhere, but in the direction from which he had come during the night rose the rugged hills.

Suddenly, as a dull sense of despair began to oppress him, he tugged impatiently at his breast as if he wanted air, when his fingers became entangled with a strap, and his heart leaped with joy.

"Thank God!" he muttered, fervently, and with hasty hands he drew round the thin sling-glass that had hung forgotten at his back. To take it from its case and adjust it was but the work of moments; and then, going down on one knee, he swept the plain, to see at last, in the far distance, a group evidently halting. Yes, there were the mules, looking less than flies; but they were there, and he was saved—yes, and they were saved too.

The next minute he had marked down the bearings in his own mind as well as he could, and started off, for he knew when the sun rose there would be a quivering mirage that would hinder observation, and it was important that he should be well on his way before the sun grew too powerful.

It was a fearful walk, for he had no water to quench the thirst that oppressed him. When, too, he had got within such a distance that he could easily make the party out with his glass, in spite of the dancing mirage, he saw them start; and, in spite of his exertions, he could gain but little upon them.

Again he had to stop and rest, partaking of such little refreshment as his pockets contained. The sun came down with a heat that seemed to dry him up and rob him of every energy; and towards evening, half spent, he was staggering along, when he stopped to use the glass once more, and though things seemed to swim before his eyes, he made out that the mules were halted in a clump of bushes. This nerved him, and now as if in a dream he crawled on, how long he knew not, but to hear at last a cheery shout; and as he sank upon his knees, to feel strong arms thrust beneath his own, and find himself before long laid amongst some bushes with water—that glorious fluid for which he had prayed—moistening his hard dry mouth and throat, and seeming to give him hope and life.

The congratulations upon their escape were hearty, though Dawson sighed when once more left alone, for Mary was very quiet and reserved. Their talk was mostly about the dangers they had passed through; and Mrs. Adams was full of penitence for what she termed her weakness in fainting at such a time, while a faint blush spread over Mary's cheeks when allusion was made to her bravery in carrying her sister.

A hot wind had been blowing part of the day, and, troublesome as it had been, it had its good points, for, on walking for some distance back, it was to find that every trace of their footprints in the sandy dust was filled in. There was nothing to fear then from the desperadoes.

"Only the elements then now, Dawson," said Adams, as they sat in the calm night and smoked.

"There is one more danger," said Dawson.

"Indeed! What?"

"Indians," said the other, laconically, as he lay down to sleep.

Days of journey through alkali plains, or tramping amidst sage brush; days of blinding dust, scorching sun, and parching thirst; but there were always the cool, pleasant nights, when their tent was set up for the women, and calm rest and refreshment strengthening all for the toil of the succeeding days. Larry "tuk to mules," he said, "as if they had been pigs, which they did resemble in their nature." At all events the mules seemed to like him, and before daylight every morning they were away again over this dry say, as Larry called it, Dawson never faltering for a moment as to his course, but steering direct.

At last the plains were passed, and stony rising ground reached, where there were streams of limpid water and places where rest and shade could be had in the hottest parts of the day. Then hill rising upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, dark ravines, and wild gorges with huge rocks piled up and hurled about as if by the throes of some hideous convulsion of nature.

Then days of wandering here, and at last a halt in a wild valley like a deep rift, where the air was cool and pleasant, for they had been climbing higher each day. They seemed to be shut in from the rest of the world, and, after a long rest, Dawson drew out his chart and studied it and the surrounding heights; after which he carefully folded and replaced it.

"Well?" said Adams, for the other remained silent.

"This should be the Silver Valley," said Dawson.

"This? What, here?" exclaimed Adams; "why, I do not see a sign."

"Sure," said Larry to himself as he heard the remark, "I thought it was to be a glorious place, all shining and white in the sun. Why, silver ain't, afther all, any betther than tin."

"Perhaps not," said Dawson. "But wait till we have explored. When you are ready we will go."

"I am ready now," said Adams, looking up. "Larry, mind you are the ladies' body guard;" and the two young men plunged into the depths of a rocky cavern.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SILVER FIND.

The same feeling existed in both young men—namely, one of intense disappointment. They had found the spot they sought for; but as far as they could see there was not an indication of the precious metal that they had hoped to find; and Dawson felt ready at any time to declare that the old man's notions had been visionary, or else that a luckier party had cleared the place.

But now that they had arrived, Adams was for a thorough search, although he dared not hope for success.

The place was exactly as described—a long, deep, mountain valley, with a rift or cañon going off at right angles from a sharp corner, and, four hundred paces down this rift, a cascade falling about a hundred feet to sink at once into the bowels of the earth, and re-appear a quarter of a mile farther down the cañon.

"There can be no doubt about it," said Adams, "and—don't look dull, man—if one part of the description is right why not another."

It was one sheer climb over fragments of rocks to get along the cañon, but as they progressed, the dull roar they had heard from the time of their entry kept increasing, till, turning a corner, they came in full view of a scene whose grandeur made them pause for a time in wonder and admiration. From far up—certainly fully a hundred feet—curved over the perpendicular edge of the cañon, a huge column of water that fell unbroken into a chasm below their feet—one great plunge and it was gone into depths from which the spectator drew back shivering involuntarily, as a deep hollow roar came up from where all was wild chaos. But the silver stream of water still fell smoothly down in the same slight graceful curve, and after gazing at it for awhile, Adams said: "Surely that's the silver of which your old friend spoke?"

"We'll hope not," said Dawson; "but I propose a pipe here in this soft, moist, mossy place. The air with its spray seems life-giving after all that dry desert work, and somehow I feel a sort of flinching on me."

"Yes," said Adams, sitting down on a rock, "you feel like I do; if we are to come upon vast treasures you would rather put off the sensation for awhile; and if we are to be disappointed you would rather not be disappointed at present."

"Exactly!" was the reply, and the young men sat and smoked, discussing the bearings of their position. The whole instruction given to Dawson was devoted to making him find this particular valley and rift, but in the vast rocky desert it was taken for granted that once there all difficulties would be at an end; but though nature works slowly, in forty or fifty years, her face alters in a region where there are mighty snow storms and rushing torrents, where huge rocks are split high up on the mountain side, and fall bounding from crag to crag, and falling at last into the valley with an avalanche of fragments.

Calmed and rested in the pleasant cooling shade, the adventurers soon rose and went on down the cañon, which grew narrower at every step. A couple of hundred feet above them the top on either side seemed to match, and they were evidently walking in the bottom of a huge crack in a table land, formed by some convulsion of nature.

Rocks, rocks, rocks, everywhere, but no sign of metallic wealth. They were armed with hammers, with which from time to time they split off fragments from the sides, or broke pieces that lay in their way; but, beyond a thread of gold seen in one, their toil was in vain, and they tramped back at last, to find that there was a fire burning and a comfortable meal prepared where Larry had temporarily set up the tent.

Here rest and refreshment gave them the needful force for further investigation. And, first of all, a perfect little natural fortress was chosen in the brightest position of the valley, and here the tent was regularly pitched, the mules were hobbled and turned loose to graze upon the patches of grass and small shrubs which seemed to abound; there was good water close at hand, bubbling along between the stones, evidently the melted snow from where, far up and miles away, glimpses could be seen of silvered peaks, white with eternal snow, though where they were camping it was hot summer.

Larry was indefatigable—building up, unpacking, seeing to the mules, fetching water, and helping to cook, while the adventurers went off exploring, this time along the valley.

Night came without result, and then, weary as they were, the three men went off on a tour of inspection, to satisfy themselves as to the necessity for keeping watch, and they came back decided that there was no such need. Away in the wild desert, it seemed as if the foot of man might never again tread there for a thousand years; and as to watching, it was a waste of energy.

Arrangements having then been made, the adventurous party lay down to rest, to be lulled by the faint roar of the cataract, borne to their ears by the soft, cool, night air.

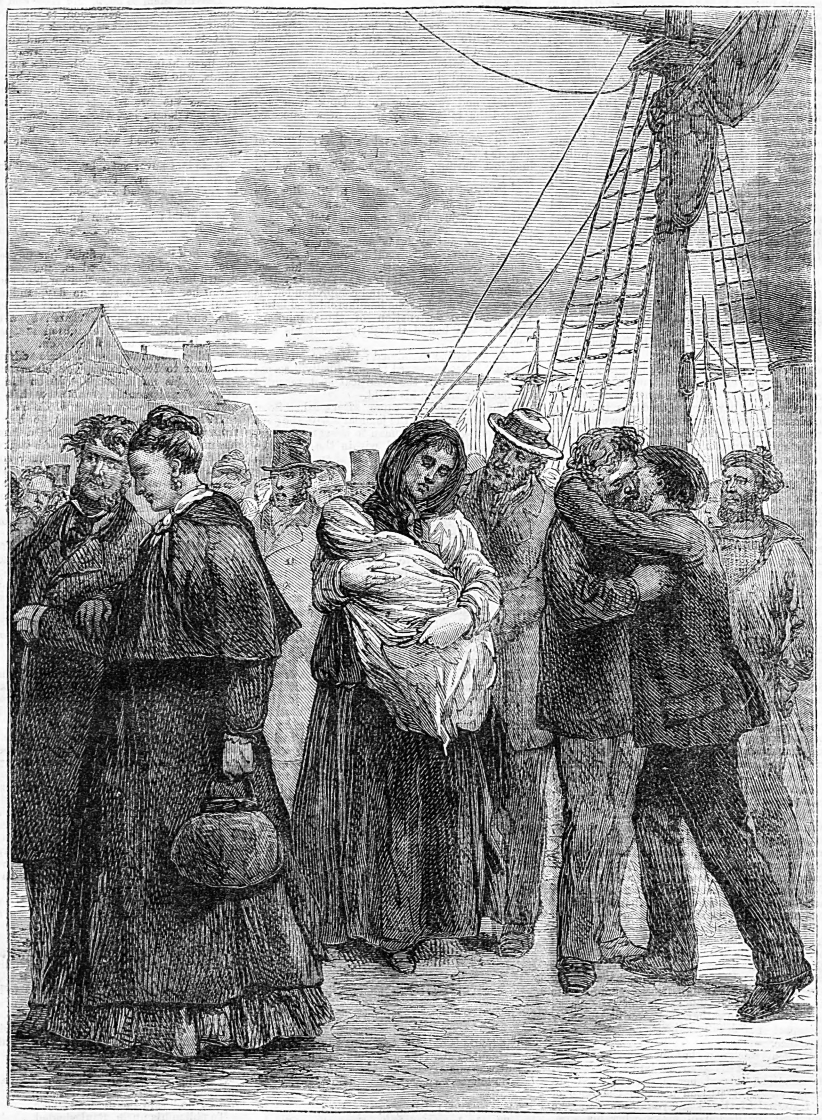
About midnight Adams woke with a shiver of dread. His wife was sleeping peaceably, and, listening, he could just hear the faint breathing of Mary, to whom had been apportioned the tent. He rose softly, thrust revolver and knife into his belt, and taking his rifle stepped softly out to find all darkness. There were a few stars twinkling out of what seemed a vast black expanse; there was the hollow roar of the cascade, and once the noise as of a stone falling from far up the valley side to rattle down into the ravine.

Nothing to fear apparently, so throwing his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he stepped out of their little camp to make a tour of inspection before lying down once more.

He walked softly down the slope, peering here and there, and after going some little distance, satisfied himself that all was right, and began to retrace his steps, when, to his horror, he could just make out through the obscurity the figure of an armed man evidently watching the little camp. He was coming cautiously up from below; and had Adams been a moment later, they must have came in contact. As it was they had just missed meeting, and stooping down, Adams crept along under the shadow of block after block, till he reached the particular soft stone chosen by Larry for his pillow.

Laying a hand over his mouth, Adams whispered in his ear, that there was peril at hand; and the Irishman rose up ready for any fray.

"Bud it was an illigant drame I was having, masther dear," he whispered; "and I'll never find the fag-end of it again. Shall I wake the captain?" alluding to Dawson, of whom he now always spoke in that manner.



ON LAND AT LAST.

Frank nodded, and glided off to see whether the women still slept.

Returning to Larry, he found that worthy in a state of consternation.

"Shure the captain's gone intirely," he said; "he ain't where he lay down to slape. But look out, yer honour, here they are—Oh, bedad, it's the captain!"

"I'm glad you're awake," said Dawson in a hasty whisper. "We ought to have watched; there's a scoundrel below there, prowling about the valley. I might have brought him down, but I did not like to fire. I did cover him with my rifle, but he dropped behind a stone and made off."

"I think we had better agree upon a code of signals," said Adams drily.

"You don't mean to say that it was you?" said Dawson.

"Indeed, but I suppose I may. I woke up and thought I'd have a look round," said Adams.

"Well, but I telt uneasy and did the very same thing," said Dawson; and after a laugh at their mutual blunder, the young men once more lay down, and slept till daybreak.

Existence was glorious up in the pure exhilirating mountain air. There was no lack of provision, for to eke out that which they had brought Larry caught an abundance of fish, a kind of trout, in the pools of a little stream some two miles down the valley. His tackle consisted of a tin pannikin, with which he patiently baled out a hole and secured his spoil. There was a herd of game, too, to fall occasionally to Dawson's fowling-piece or rifle. From a fir wood at hand poles were cut and split, and a hut run up and thatched, and Larry declared that they had better mark out a garden and put in seeds, for where would they ever find a finer place or fewer neighbours. In fact, for a pleasant hunting and fishing expedition, they had fallen into glorious quarters, where the climate was splendid, with no extremes; and when weary of an evening Dawson lay down on a couch of fir branches, covered with a rug, and smoked and watched Mary at a short distance, sitting working, perhaps by her sister, he felt that he should be satisfied if such a life might be his for ever—to go on wandering by day, and dreaming out his existence there of an evening in that land of glorious lights and shadows and golden sunsets.

But in spite of all searching there was no trace of that of which they had come in search; and Dawson was ready at any time to give up, and own that they had been deceived.

He was sitting with Adams one glorious evening after a long and arduous inspection of the valley in a new direction. They had partaken of the evening meal, and from time to time their eyes rested upon the two women sitting working together, Mrs. Adams occasionally singing a snatch of a song in a low sweet voice, while Larry was busily fitting a tin pannikin at the end of a light fir pole, evidently for what he called "deludhering the fish"—the said "deludhering" being depriving them of their native element.

"I'm afraid I've sold you, Adams," said Dawson at last. "I've been a great fool."

"I don't see it," said Adams, warmly. "We've found the valley right enough, and we shall find the silver yet, depend upon it."

Dawson shook his head sadly.

"Come, come, captain, as Larry calls you; this won't do. Where's all your spirit?"

Dawson made no reply.

"I can give a pretty shrewd guess," said Adams, smiling, as he looked towards his sister. "Is the lady distant?"

Dawson started, looked sharply at Adams, and then turned away his head.

"Frank, old fellow," he said huskily, "I did at one time hope, but that's about all over."

"Nonsense, man," said Adams. "Let me tell you, now, cold upon it as I've been before, that I'd sooner see Mary your wife than the wife of any man upon this earth.

"Thank you!" said Dawson quietly.

"Look here, man," said Adams. "She's worth the winning, but there's a sore place in her heart. A fellow who was to marry her, and whom she worshipped, as, perhaps, you know, behaved like a scoundrel to her. Wait a bit, man, and the prize is yours. Don't hurry her, but let her see in a quiet way that you love her, and leave the rest. I know my sister better than you."

It was as though fresh vigour had been poured into Dawson's veins, as he sat there silent and watchful, and then Adams went on about their quest.

"I'm getting more sure of the matter every day," he said, "and if we keep it up we shall stumble upon the silver. Depend upon it Dame Nature has set to work to hide the treasure, and some slip from the valley side has covered what once cropped out. I'm for down that cañon to-morrow, and we'll search it foot by foot."

They were up at daybreak, and after a couple of hours uneventful search, returned to a breakfast of grilled trout, the spoil of one of Larry's pools. Dawson looked fresh and bright, and he talked more confidently, but he went away somewhat damped, for Mary seemed to meet his advances with a chilly coldness, though, in an ordinary way, she was pleasant and chatty enough.

Dawson gave one glance backward as he was walking off with Adams, and the feeling of heart-sickness passed away, for surely she was looking after him, though her eyes fell on the instant.

"Now, lad," said the young man joyfully, clapping Adams on the shoulder, "what's it to be now, the cañon or——"

"What is Larry making those signals for?" said Adams; and he pointed to where Larry with his fishing-tackle in one hand, his stick in the other, was standing about a hundred yards down the valley, and waving his stick for them to join him.

"Let's go that way, and try up the little ravine after we've spoken to him. I mean the little rift off to the right, where there seems to have been a slip of rocks."

Adams nodded, and in a few minutes they had joined Larry.

"I didn't want to frecken the ladies," said Larry mysteriously; "but this morning afther I took up the fish I went poking about wid my stick, for, sez I, Larry, me boy, ye might find the silver mine as well as any other man."

"Exactly—go on Larry."

"Well, yer honour, I went on till I thought I'd turn up that little bit of a split like a young valley growing out of this big one. I don't mane the big cannon as ye call it, where the wather boils over, but this little dacent vale here.

The young men exchanged glances.

"Well, yer honour, I went poking up there amongst the rocks that you walk over, like a fly over lumps of sugar in a basin."

"When you found traces of silver?" exclaimed Dawson eagerly.

"Oh; did I bedad!" exclaimed Larry, "I jist didn't thin. But I found a hole."

"Pish," exclaimed Dawson in a tone of disappointment and disgust.

"Ye may well say so, Misther Dawson, sor," said Larry, lowering his voice. "And wasn't I freckened.

"Frightened?"

"Yis, sor, for, 'Oh, Larry,' I sez to meself, 'ye've found the ould gintlemen's own place, and there he is at home.'"

"Now what are you talking about?" laughed Adams.

"Whist, yer honour, wait a bit, there was no doubt about it, for though I couldn't see him at all, I knew he was snoozing there in the warm morning sun, jist inside the door, after being busy all night."

"And how did you know that, Larry?" laughed Adams.

"Sure, yer honour, there was his tail a laying outside on the stones, for all the world as I'd seen it hundreds 'o times at home in pictures. Well, yer honour, I was horribly freckened, but I thought I'd never have such a chance again at the ould inimy, so I sez a bit of a pater and ave as Father Doolan taught me, and, 'Larry, me boy,' I sez, 'if you can't hit at his head you can hit at his tail,' and I up wid my stick and crack I gives him jist one across the back."

"Why you said just now you could only see his tail," laughed Adams.

"Sure I meant the back of his tail, and that did him, yer honour," said Larry.

Leading the way the young men followed, clambering over rocks till they entered a narrow vale; and here, hanging over a bush that grew out of a crevice, was a dead snake.

"What d'ye think of that for the ould sarpint, sir?" said Larry, with a twinkle of his eye. "Didn't it look like his tail as it hung out of that hole?" he said, pointing to a little hollow running into the side of the rift. "Look at the shting at the end of it, sor."

"It's a rattlesnake, Larry," said Dawson, looking at the reptile; "that's its rattle."

"Ye may call it a rattle, sor, but I calls it a shting. Bud what's the masther doing?"

"Come here, Dawson," said Adams, who had gone on a hundred yards or so, and was turning over the rough blocks which floored the valley, and seemed to have crumbled down from the sides.

"What is it?" exclaimed Dawson, hurrying to him, for his companion had spoken in a husky voice.

"What's this, and this, and this?" said Adams, hoarsely, as he dragged at a dull, blackish-looking block, evidently of immense weight, though of no great size.

"At last!" exclaimed Dawson, with a joyful cry, as he threw himself upon his knees and helped Adams to heave up a block of native metal.

"They've gone mad," muttered Larry, rubbing his chin. "Why, I sat on that very bit this morning—not an hour ago. Look at that, now! And—— Ah, Arrah! Take care, masther dear!"

He shouted warning after warning, but the danger was already seen, Dawson and Adams darting from their prize at one and the same moment; for in tearing up the silver block they had thrown aside stone after stone, and disturbed what seemed to be a nest of rattlesnakes, one of which, while the others glided off, coiled itself up on a piece of rock, and threw its head back to strike.

(To be continued.)

Berlin in 1848.

In the Leipziger Strasse, within musket shot of the gate, I saw large stains of blood dripped along the pavement. On a doorpost was the mark of a bullet about five feet from the ground, and a splash of blood told the tale of some one wounded or killed. The transformation of the town was awful. The barricades were reeking with the recent struggle. Several shots went off a few yards from me, as I pursued my way. At the points of the barricades which had been attacked, the houses were often unroofed of their tiles, the street pavement torn up, and the walls, doors, and windows riddled with musket balls. I suppose I passed fifty barricades at least. The town looked strange, and as an image in a dream. No sound of wheel broke the dead silence. In the Friedrichstrasse the battle had raged furiously. The ground was covered with stones, tiles, and boiling oil thrown down upon the troops. The marks everywhere of the musket balls were a curiosity. Sometimes they had shattered window panes, sometimes gone through, leaving a clean-cut hole. A dead horse lay in the middle of the street pierced by several balls. The streets were generally deserted, some almost destitute of a human being, the combatants having gone, and the curious spectators not yet commenced their examinations, or being gathered to the prominent points. The barricades were some of them very frail, consisting of boards, planks from the gutters and bridges, furniture, and various chance objects, sufficient however to impede for a moment a charge of cavalry, or to offer some protection from a bullet. Others were much more carefully made: a ditch dug across the street, a breastwork, at its edge formed of earth and stones, and above that piles of whatever could be got, window-shutters, doors, tables, heavy, large, square paving stones, chairs, wooden booths bags of earth, &c. In one instance an omnibus had been suddenly transformed into a fortress, an in another an innocent droshky (they say with an English gentleman in it, unacquainted with the language, who had just arrived in Berlin on a pleasure tour) was made to play the same useful part. At the door of one of the principal churches a silent group of six or eight persons attracted my attention. As I approached, the church door was opened, and a man informed us we might enter if we choose. He added, "There are inside one hundred and sixty dead bodies!"

I did not desire to witness this spectacle. The Breite Strasse diverges from the Schlossplatz. This was the spot on which we had stood at the moment when the revolution broke out. It had been one of the fiercest centres of battle. In a large pump I found a cannon-ball nearly buried, and above it the printed words: "*To my dear Berliners.*" Some not very loyal hand had cut the inscription from the royal proclamation, written in the night of the 18th-19th of March, and placed it in this awkward juxtaposition.

As I continued my walk, I saw a huge waggon of the kind used by the Berliners for transporting furniture. It had just come from one of the centres of battle, and was piled up with the bleeding bodies of the dead. On the exposed breast of one I counted seven musket-ball wounds. This waggon was presently followed by several others of the same kind, and loaded with a solemn burden of the same sort. The leaders of the insurrection were carrying these ghastly corpses into the court of the Schloss, before the windows of the King [Frederick William]. They called for his Majesty, who came with uncovered head and bore with patience the insults of the mob. The Queen, although ill, appeared at his side. I did not think it proper to be present at this scene. It is said the Queen placed herself between the King and the crowd from a fear which to the honour of the latter proved groundless. After having spent the night on her knees in prayer, she showed herself ready to sacrifice her life for her husband.

At a later hour I cast my eyes toward the sky. The moon appeared of a deep blood-red. It was an eclipse. We had been too much occupied with earthly affairs to attend to those of the heavens.—*Theodore S. Fay.*

An Indian Thug Tale.

On the mountain side the venerable Brahmin we met sat down with us to rest under the shade of a friendly banian.

"There," he said, pointing to the stately ruins we had noticed in a village below, "was the ancestral domain of the Brahmin Akbar, a stately palace, whose glittering turrets shot upward to the clouds, reflecting the golden sunbeams; while its massive gates, well-mounted fort, and beautiful grounds proclaimed the boundless wealth and princely rank of its noble occupant. The castle was a quaint combination of white marble and red sand-stone superbly inlaid; its glittering tiles were of green and gold; and from every graceful minaret and cupola hung silver bells, that rung out sweet music with each passing breeze. Many were the fair flowers that adorned the harem of Prince Akbar; but loveliest and most beloved was Amesha, the queen of those gilded halls—the light of her husband's life and the sunshine of his noble heart. For ten years she had been Prince Akbar's wedded wife. Twice had she made him a father, yet she was even more lovely now than when, a child-bride of ten years, she first came to lie in his bosom. Of her children, Rachman, the eldest, was at this time nine years old, with dark, earnest eyes, and broad, intellectual brow. He wore the princely garb of his race, and the sacred cord lay caressingly on his shoulder, as if proud of the honour.

"Young Rachman was a noble specimen of a noble race, uniting his mother's rare physical beauty with the dignity, intelligence, and high spirit of his lordly father. His little sister, Ferraya, six years younger, was delicate and graceful, with soft, dovelike eyes, and long, silky hair, that veiled like a summer cloud her fairy beauty. It was at this period that Prince Akbar, intending to make his annual pilgrimage to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoo, as Mecca is of the Mahommedan, proposed to the Lady Amesha to accompany him, with their children, who as yet had never visited the sacred shrine of Mahadeo.

"The Lady Amesha and her young daughter travelled on an elephant, in a capacious howdah, curtained with cashmere shawls; the little Lord Rachman was mounted on a milk-white Arab steed, whose housings were embroidered in gold and jewels; while the haughty Akbar himself, the proudest of all, affected the deepest humility by walking on foot, till the sandy plains, over which he strode so loftily, were stained with blood from his lacerated feet. Of the twelve male attendants, some were mounted on camels, while others walked after their lord; and the maidens of Lady Amesha and her young daughter reposed in prettily curtained *bailis* drawn by white buffaloes.

"And thus the gay cavalcade proceeded, day after day, over some of the most picturesque portions of southern India, till, on the evening of the sixth day, they were resting beneath the outspread branches of a sacred banian, little dreaming of the fearful storm about to burst upon their doomed heads.

"Lady Amesha sat at her lord's feet, as they conversed lovingly together, while at a little distance gambolled the beautiful children. Rachman was playfully holding at a distance the wreath of wild flowers he had just snatched from Ferraya's brow, and offering his own jewelled coronet in exchange, while the laughing little one shook her head, declaring that her own bright flowers were the prettiest and sweetest.

"'Take mine, for a little while at least,' exclaimed her brother, 'and you shall be Queen of Delhi, while I will be a robber chief come to rob you of your treasures. But I shall be so charmed with your beauty and sweetness that I will carry you off as my lady love, and forget all about the diamonds and pearls.'

"Were the boy's words prophetic?

"The 'robber chief' was indeed just at hand, ready to snatch for ever from those baby brows the child's brightest crown of innocent joy. Little Ferraya clapped her dimpled hands with glee; but just as the sweet voice ran out its merry peals of laughter, five men rushed past them, to the shady nook where the Brahmin sat toying with his lovely wife. Among all that group of waiting pilgrims, only one pair of eyes saw the strangers without surprise. They were the eyes of a traitor—a fanatical traitor in that camp of love—one who knew but too well, when the party set out, that few of them would ever return; and his heart even now, traitor as he was, smote him sorely for all the love and trust he was so cruelly betraying.

"But that traitor was a Thug; and when did ever follower of the insatiate Bhowanie hesitate to take the life of any that were not 'brethren' in his fiendish vocation? And this cruel 'deceiver' had so adroitly concealed his real character, that Prince Akbar deemed him the most faithful and attached of all his attendants, and so had placed in his keeping the jewels and other valuable gifts for the shrine of Mahadeo.

"The traitor had, before the setting out of the party, communicated to his gang the route to be taken, and all the arrangements of his lord; and the Thugs, disguised as pilgrims, had been warily following in the wake of the travellers, from the very shadow of their home. The strangers who had rushed past the children were the buttoat and four picked men, who had been sent ahead by the jemidar, with orders to compass the destruction of the Brahmin's party in any way most agreeable to themselves. The residue of the gang were encamped in this very jungle, within easy call of their comrades, should their services be needed. The buttoat's party were clad as religious mendicants, through wearing the sacred cord that distinguishes the Brahmins from other castes; and their foreheads were smeared with clay, as indicative of a recent pilgrimage to the holy river. Trembling with haste and terror, they presented themselves before Prince Akbar, and prayed for protection from a formidable body of Phansigars, whom they reported as lying asleep in the shade of a neighbouring grove. They had recognised the murderers, they said, by their knotted handkerchiefs, as well as by the glittering khodali that lay in their midst; and fearing an attack, they had slipped past on tiptoe, and fled for their lives. Again they begged to be received into the Brahmin's party, and to unite their forces for mutual defence against the dreaded foe.

"Prince Akbar, despite the courage and intrepid daring that made him ordinarily a stranger to fear, heard this cunningly devised tale with a paling cheek, as he remembered his loved ones thus exposed to a pitiless foe, who strike in the dark, and deal their cowardly blows where there is chance for neither defence nor escape. Then hastily summoning his attendants, he bade them look well to their arms in view of the threatened danger, and with their bodies to form a rampart around the women and children. He also thanked the strangers for their well-timed warning, and supplied them with arms from his own store; after which all having taken a solemn oath to stand by each other for life or death, the party betook themselves to their journey, turning off The main road, on which, it was said, the thugs were encamped, and selecting, at the instigation of the pretended devotees, a retired path through the jungle. Here all seemed so quiet that Prince Akbar's fears were completely lulled—especially with his opportune addition to his escort. And when, a little after twilight, the family halted for the night, he retired with his company to their tented beds, surrounded by his trusty servants, and soon all were wrapped in profound repose.

"All but the traitor, who, joined by the new comers, passed noiselessly around the sleeping group, counting as he went (though he touched them not), till all but the children had been despatched. Unconscious of danger, the little ones were sleeping sweetly in each other's arms, when the buttoat drew near and knelt beside their tented bed, recognising as he did so some real or fancied resemblance in the boy to his own dead child. Holding back the blow he was about to strike, he sounded the whistle that was to summon the residue of the gang, and resolved to beg the consent of the brotherhood to take charge of young Rachman and bring him up to their own vocation. The jemidar, with a heart more gentle and loving than the rest of the murderous crew, was touched with the beauty and innocence of the sleeping children, and, while yielding the boy to the buttoat, resolved himself to take charge of the girl if the consent of the gang could be obtained. He longed to clasp the sweet child in his arms, and give vent freely to the long-restrained affection of a heart once gentle and tender as a woman's, and, even amid the horrors of his revolting life, often yearning for something to love. He had been both husband and father, and love had been alike the blessing and bane of his existence. With all the confidence of an ardent and truthful nature, he had in early manhood staked his honour and happiness on the smiles of a lovely but perfidious woman. Fondly he had loved and basely been betrayed. She, who was the mother of his child, and the flower he so proudly wore in his bosom, turned from him to lavish her beauty and fragrance on another, and that other his bitterest enemy. Suddenly both mother and child had disappeared from his home, and the bower of love he had twined for her was desolate indeed.

"Thus it was as he gazed down at that sleeping child, and he offered the gang his own share of the booty as a ransom for the girl, to bring up as his own daughter. To this they readily agreed, while the buttoat was allowed to take possession of the boy.

"Rapidly sped the time, till Rachman had turned of twelve, and six golden-winged summers had shed their brightness over the fairy Ferraya, each adding something to her grace and beauty. She had long ceased to have any memory of her parents, and was too young and innocent to comprehend the horrors of her present position; while as the petted plaything of the entire gang, to whom her simplest wish was law, she reigned a very queen, exultant and happy.

"But very different was it with her brother. Though he said nothing to recall to his little sister the recollection of their happy past or present ignominy, he ceaselessly brooded over both in his own mind; and during long, sleepless nights of agony, he vainly strove to solve the problem of their coming destiny, and to devise means of escape from a future of unmitigated horror.

"At last, driven to desperation, he rose one dark night, while the gang were sleeping securely, and taking his little sister from the jemidar's tent, bore her, still sleeping, beyond the encampment, in the direction of a city they had recently visited.

"But his burden soon became too heavy for his boyish strength; and when he awoke the sleeping child, she quickly grew weary, and they were obliged to halt; and then, as day was dawning, they hid themselves in the bushes, to try to sleep, in order to travel again by night, and thus evade pursuit, should the gang send out to search for them. But the sun had hardly risen ere the sleeping children were aroused by a band of tillai, who, with oaths and menaces, bade them return to the encampment.

"From this time the children were watched even more closely than before, and the buttoat, hoping thus to strengthen his influence over his protégé, told Rachman that he had ascertained, from some papers found on the person of the Brahmin, that the boy was only an adopted son of Prince Akbar, and further, that he had the most conclusive evidence for believing that Rachman was his own long-lost son.

"This base fabrication was readily believed by the horror-stricken child, too innocent himself to suspect guile in another; and while overwhelmed with shame and agony that he must owe his being to such parentage, he solemnly vowed that not even filial affection should unite him to a life so horrible as that of the Thugs; that he would die rather than ever be bound by a compact of such fell malignity as claimed their allegiance.

"When Rachman became convinced that Ferraya was not his sister, as he had supposed, his emotions toward her underwent a rapid change—a violent passion usurping the place of his fraternal affection; and young as she was, he conceived the design of making her his wife. Ferraya was nine, Rachman fifteen; but he loved his beautiful playfellow with all the ardour and precociousness of our sunny clime, and throwing himself at her feet, he swore, by all that was sacred, that for her he would dare every danger, and live or die only with her. The sweet child could not comprehend half he said, but she 'had always loved her darling brother; could not be anywhere away from him, and of course would do all he desired.' So it was arranged, and the consent of the gang, especially the jemidar and buttoat, was sought, for the youthful pair, after the espousals, to retire to any quiet spot the company might select, and, all secluded from the world, to live only for each other. But his entreaties were utterly in vain.

"Driven to desperation by the rejection of his suit and by anticipation of the terrible future of crime and infamy that seemed inevitable, Rachman again fled the camp with his beloved Ferraya, and this time they succeeded in penetrating far into the jungle, meeting many hardships, but sustained by the hope of ultimate success. Twelve days after their flight, while Rachman was resting on a grassy bank, supporting the exhausted Ferraya in his arms, they were surprised by a party of decoys, who had at length, after repeated failures, found out their route and tracked the refugees to their retreat. Weary as were the poor children, they were compelled to start at once, and with inhuman haste were driven back to the encampment.

"Wearied and worn by disappointment and sorrow, the child-lovers welcomed the prospect of death, only too glad to die together, rather than be separated from each other. So, rushing into each other's embrace, with arms twined lovingly, they stood awaiting their doom, as the buttoat went forward to cast the fatal noose. Bending down to take a last, lingering look at the beautiful boy he loved so well, he again recognised, as he had so often done before, the real or fancied resemblance to his own dead child, and his hand refused to perform the cruel deed.

"Overwhelmed with rage and despair, he rushed from the tent, and with his own hand put an end to his wretched existence, resolving not to survive the noble boy on whom he had so long and earnestly lavished all the tenderness of which his perverted nature was capable. The jemidar, sending a messenger to summon the buttoat to his duty, was notified of the catastrophe that had so suddenly deprived him of his favourite officer; and becoming thus still more incensed against the youthful pair, as the cause of his loss, he rushed forward, and with clenched teeth and a yell of savage triumph cast the fatal noose, and drawing it tightly about the necks of his victims, they fell dead at his feet, still clasped in mutual embrace.

"For a moment the strong man gazed wistfully at the ruin he had wrought, the old tenderness returning, but it was mingled with indignation at such persistent composition to his wishes, with grief for the loss of the only one of his officers for whom he had any real affection, and above all with self-reproach for permitting himself to love again any object but Bhowanie. Unable to endure the pitiful sight of those fair young faces thus upturned to his, he summoned one of the gang to bear away the corpses and inter them out of his view.

"The Thug, as is the usual custom, tore away the clothing from the breast to ascertain whether life was extinct, and in so doing found, suspended by a slender chain from the neck of the boy, a curious talisman that he carelessly removed and handed to the jemidar. The officer trembled violently as he grasped the tiny trinket, and retreating to a bank near by, opened the talisman by means of a concealed spring.

"In an instant he exclaimed, in tones of despair: "I've murdered my boy! my own long-lost darling, that I would have died to save!"

"Pressing the fatal charm to his lips, he staggered back to the spot from which the corpses were just being removed, and stooping down had his terrible suspicions confirmed by the sight of a tiny lotus flower on the boy's breast—an emblem he remembered but too well himself imprinting on the bosom of his own child a few days after its birth. Despair seized his soul, and ere those around comprehended his purpose, he snatched the handkerchief so lately used for the destruction of those innocent children and bound it tightly about his own neck.

"As he fell he exclaimed: 'My son, my son! thou art indeed avenged!' and his livid corpse lay stretched upon the identical spot recently occupied by that of his child.

"The explanation came afterward. Soon after the desertion of the jemidar's wife she gave her young child to a woman to bring up for her, and as the mother died within the year, the babe was never called for. The same nurse was summoned, when the first child had been newly placed in her keeping, to attend the accouchement of Lady Amesha; and while bathing the infant heir of Lord Akbar in a huge tank, the child slipped from her arms and was drowned. Fearing the Brahmin's vengeance, she substituted her little nursling—a ruse she was enabled to carry out by the protracted illness of Lady Amesha, that kept the babe at the house of its foster-mother for several months, and her excellent nursing was the reason assigned for the child's rapid growth. Thus little Rachman had grown up—no one, not even his reputed parents, suspecting his identity; and but for his untimely death, the secret might never have been divulged. The talisman, the value of which the nurse did not herself comprehend, was accounted for to Lady Amesha as being the gift of a Fakir, who, she said, had placed it about the child's neck, and at the same time imprinted the lotus flower as an antidote against evil spirits. The whole affair was explained by the nurse when, a few months after the murder of the children, the remnant of the gang was taken, their crimes confessed, and the perpetrators executed at Vanthi-Vasi, whither they were brought for trial, in order to the summoning of witnesses, and the identification of the family of the murdered Brahmin.

"Thus perished the last of the race of the princes Akbar; but their death was fearfully avenged by the utter extermination of that entire band of 'the brethren of the good work'—a tragedy quite terrible enough to satisfy the fiendish longings of even the insatiate Bhowanie."—*F. R. Feudge.*

Home Scenes.

The house is old, the trees are bare,
  Moonless above bends twilight's dome;
But what on earth is half so dear,
  So longed for, as the hearth of home?

The mute bird sitting on the stone,
  The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
  I love them—how I love them all!

Still, as I mused, the naked room,
  The alien firelight died away,
And from the midst of cheerless gloom
  I passed to bright, unclouded day.

A little and a lone green lane,
  That opened on a common wide;
A distant, dreamy, dim blue chain
  Of mountains circling every side.

A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
  So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air;
And, deepening still the dreamlike charm,
  Wild moor-sheep feeding everwhere.

That was the scene, I knew it well;
  I knew the turfy pathway's sweep,
That, winding o'er each billowy swell,
  Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep.

—*Emily Brontë (Ellis Bell).*

Resurgam.

There's a bloom in the heart of the flower,
  Although the flower be dead;
And it came from the heart of the giver,
  And lives in the words she said.

It was long, long ago that she gave it;
  And yet when it meets mine eyes,
A blush of beauty sweeps over it,
  And its dead leaves seem to rise.

And, warmed by the love within it,
  It trembles, and buds, and blows.
Ah! all of my earthly heaven
  Is hid 'neath the leaves of the rose!

The Live Legacy.

A Newfoundland dog might have done as much; and, as Paul Pendergrast could swim like one, perhaps he didn't deserve much more credit. He had only jumped overboard, in a rough sea, and saved a young lady from drowning.

"And a mean dog he would have been *not* to do it," carps some dry-land critic, who never ventured into water in his life, save in a bath-tub.

Certainly, valiant sir; but you would have patted a dog on the head for doing it, wouldn't you?—instead of giving him a kick by way of reminder that he had done no more than his duty.

The merits of Paul's act might have been more generally acknowledged, had Kate Crombie been older and uglier. But when she emerged from the waves, supported in his arms, looking lovelier than Aphrodite in her teens, the hearts of half a dozen young dandies, each of whom vowed he was on the point of taking the leap himself when Paul so rudely cut in a head, burned with envy!

Leaving them to burn, and Kate and Paul, in their present moist condition, to the privacy of their state-rooms, let us go back a little.

Kate Crombie was an orphan and an heiress, whose father had "willed her away" in her cradle to the infant son and heir of a sworn friend of his, who reciprocated the bequest by a similar disposition of his boy baby in long clothes. And in time the two friends died, fully believing they had done a just thing, as though it were a fixed natural law, that inasmuch as *they* had dearly loved each other, their children must.

Kate had never seen her affianced since she could remember. That she was one day to marry him, she had accepted as a settled fact. She and her father had prattled of it when she was a child; and when he died, the engagement became, to her imagination, something sacred.

She had been sent to finish her education in Florence, and had finished it, and was on her return home, when a sudden lurch of the vessel threw her into the sea one day, and afforded Paul Pendergrast the opportunity of saving her life, and making himself hated by a knot of foppish admirers who had been sheeps-eyeing Kate all the way to Southampton.

Paul had been sent by his uncle and guardian on a tour to Italy to improve his manners and expound his mind, and it was on his return, after several months of absence, that chance made him a fellow-passenger of Kate's.

He had not been indifferent to her beauty from the first, but had not intruded himself on her notice, as some others had, less backward or less delicate than himself. He had not even sought an introduction.

There was no time to wait for one the day he sprang over the ship's side and caught her in his arms, keeping her head above water till a boat came to their rescue, and after *that* none was needed.

At their first interview, Kate was free and unreserved. Her professions of gratitude were sincere and not overdone, while the charm and brilliancy of her conversation quite finished the conquest of Paul's heart, which her beauty had already well begun.

But after that, she suddenly grew reserved, if not cool, toward Paul; seemed to avoid him studiously, and rarely, by any chance, suffered their eyes to meet.

Paul moped and became miserable; and when some of the young fellows, whom envy had made malicious, twitted him on his evident good fortune, he looked as ill at ease as an owl in daylight beset by a mob of small birds.

They had arrived within a day of Southampton, and Paul, with the courage of desperation, resolved to know the worst; for *that* was what he anticipated.

He found Kate alone at last. Her eyes looked red and swollen, and her cheeks were flushed; but Paul was too agitated to observe closely. He rushed at once into the subject his heart was full of. In few, but strong words, he declared his passion, and, with equal energy, was proceeding to press his suit, when Kate looked up appealingly. Her face was pale as death. Her bloodless lips quivered.

"I cannot—must not hear more," she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion—"I am already bound to another."

Paul staggered as if from a blow.

"And now let us part for ever, and part friends," she said, rising and extending her hand.

Paul clasped it eagerly, pressed it to his lips, and then released it. The next moment she was gone.

"I want you to pay a visit with me this evening," said Paul's uncle, not many days after his return to London.

Paul tried to excuse himself.

"Come, come! you're in the dumps, young man, and I know a cure for 'em—at least I *think* I do," said the old gentleman.

To oblige his uncle, Paul yielded.

In a stately mansion in Piccadilly Paul was introduced to a staid, elderly lady, who surveyed him a little critically, he thought.

"Is your niece at home?" inquired Paul's uncle, the usual commonplaces over, and just as Paul was beginning to wonder what his uncle's cure for the "dumps" might be.

"She will be down presently," said the lady.

Just then a young lady entered, at whose appearance Paul started, as at a spectre.

"Mr. Pendergrast," said the aunt, introducing Paul. "My niece, Miss Crombie, Mr. Pendergrast."

Kate raised her eyes with a quick, inquiring look at her aunt, who answered with a nod that spread a mingled glow of pleasure and confusion over the young lady's face.

"It is I who ought to have introduced Mr. Pendergrast," said Kate; "but I had not the pleasure of knowing his name before, though he is the same gentleman to whom I stand indebted for my life."

Of course Paul had to be thanked over again; and soon after the considerate aunt and uncle retired, for a cozy chat, to the library.

Kate's manner was a puzzle to Paul. It possessed all the freedom and captivating grace that had won him so completely at their first interview. There was withal a warmth of cordiality, something so *encouraging* in it, that in spite of their late tragic parting "forever," Paul was on the point of beginning where he had then left off.

"I am sorry, Mr. Pendergrast, I didn't know your name before," said Kate.

"It's such a ridiculous one," said Paul, "that I never tell it unless obliged to."

"And yet it might have—"

"Changed your answer?" interrupted Paul. "If I thought so, I should esteem it the most illustrious name in the world!"

"You know I told you I was bound to another," resumed Kate.

What imprecation unseemly to a lady's ears Paul might have invoked on that other's head, had Kate given him time, there is no telling.

"I had never seen him," she continued, blushing, "and so could not know—"

"How utterly unworthy the villain is!" broke in Paul.

"That you and Paul Pendergrast," said Kate, finishing her own sentence, "were one and the same person. He and I were *willed to each other*, you see."

Paul didn't wait for further explanation. He clasped Kate in his arms even more closely than he did the day he braved the sea to save her.

"Why did you never tell me about the wills, uncle?" said Paul, on their way homeward.

"Well, you see, young people are mighty apt to get skittish when you try to force 'em in love matters," replied the uncle; "so I thought it best to let things take their natural course."

And they did take it.

Havana Market.

As we stepped inside the city gates from the custom-house, the first foreign sight we saw was one of the poor little donkeys of the country, all wrapped up in woven onions which he was carrying to market. He had on two very large panniers filled with this strong-flavoured edible, which overflowed over the back and sides until it met under the belly like a case armour. This onion armour joined round his neck in front and under his tail behind, while in front appeared a pitiful pair of ears, and a tail flapped slowly behind; elsewise the huge heap of onions would have seemed to be getting about itself, without any manifest means of locomotion.

We soon came to the market, where outside stood rude carts, piled up with green sugar cane, bananas, cocoanuts, &c., drawn by oxen with ropes in their noses. The market itself was rather interesting, although many of the peculiar fruits are not handsome upon the outside. The mamey apple and the sapote have a dull, brown, thick skin. The mamey apple looks, when cut, like a high-coloured squash with a large, glossy, black nut seed in the centre, and tastes like a very sweet, flavourless pumpkin pie. The sapote is a delicate and agreeable fruit, sweet, pulpy, and less coarse in fibre than the mamey. The guanavana is a rough, green fruit, which reminds one of a huge, rounded, irregular cactus leaf. The white pulp of this, with all its seeds like watermelon seeds, is scraped out, and beaten up with cold water and sugar into a sort of a sourish, sweetish whip, and called "refreshment," and is quite palatable for foreigners. The caimetes are of two kinds, the very light green, and a royal purple colour, like an egg plant, but much smaller in size, and symmetrical in shape like a tomato, but more divided, and the clefts less deep and marked. The inside of this is a very beautiful colour, mottled from pink to black, through every shade of purple; but the taste is cloying to foreigners, although the negroes are fond of it. The gaunt, shrivelled negress who sat endlessly sewing in one of the corridors of the Hotel Cubano, was delighted to receive our just tasted fruits, and we were as glad to get rid of them. The baskets of fresh, crisp lettuce, light green cabbage, of red peppers and tomatoes, make a goodly show. The fish upon the shelves of their fish market are miracles of lovely and varied colour. Deep crimson, yellow, dark blue, orange, or soft, opalescent pink fish lie piled up in the stalls. It is impossible to describe the variety of large or small tribes, whether the handsome, rose-coloured *buona creatura*, which we often had for dinner, or the nameless pink beauties that we regularly ate for breakfast. To walk through the market and see these gleaming, scaly, finny flowers, reminded us of the Arabian Nights; and if these creatures had opened their mouths and spoken, or even commenced to sing, it would have seemed quite natural. The sea is the great singer of the world, and surely these lovely children might have learned its secrets of tuneful rhythm as they rocked upon their mother's bosom.—*A Glimpse of the Tropics.*

War Cries.

Every clan and great family, and also various towns, had formerly its Slogan, or War-cry. Slogan is properly slughorne, from the Irish *sluagh*, an army, and *corn*, a horn. Several of these animating calls consisted simply of a repetition of the name of the chief, as, "a Home, a Home!" "a Douglas, a Douglas!" "Gordon, Gordon, bydand!" The Setons had "Set on," a pun upon the name. Others were formed of an expressive sentence. The Hepburns had "Bide me fair!" the Stewarts of Lennox, "Avant, Dernle!" the Grants, "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" [a wooded hillock near Aviemore, in Strathspey, the country of the Grants]; the town of Jedburgh, "Jethart's here!" the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds, "A dh' ain deoin co 'heireadh e!" or as Sir Walter Scott spells it in Waverley, "Ganyen Coheriga," which means, "In spite of whoever may say to the contrary." Other slogans consisted of the name of the place where the clans, or the adherents of the chief, were rendezvoused on occasions of danger. Thus, Scott of Buccleuch had "Bellenden!" a place near the head of Borthwick water, in the midst of the extensive possessions of that powerful family. The Cranstouns had "Henwoodie," a place on Oxnam water; Mercer of Aldie, "The Grit Pule;" the Forbeses, "Lonachin," a hilly ridge in Strathdon; the Farquharsons, "Cairnna-cuen," *i.e.*, the Hill of Remembrance, a mountain in Braemar; the Macpherson's, "Craig-dhu," a high, black, conspicuous rock in Badenoch; the chief of Glengarry, "Cruggan-an-fhithich," the rock of the raven; the Mackenzies, "Tullich-ard," a hill in Kintail, which yet forms the crest of the Seaforth branch of the family; Macfarlane, "Loch Sloy," a small lake between Loch Lomond and Loch Long; Buchanan, "Clare Innis," an island in Loch Lomond; Macgregor, "O' ard choille," the wooded height; the rendezvous, it will be observed, being generally a conspicuous place in the territories of the family. The slogan of Dumfries is "Loreburn," a vacant space near the town, where the inhabitants were marshalled on occasions of danger—for the first time, we believe, in 1715, when an attack was anticipated from the rebel Lord Kenmure. The word is still inscribed on the provost's baton of office. The town of Hawick had for its war-cry the words "Terri buss and terri odin," which we have never heard explained, though they are still inscribed on the banner which the inhabitants carry at their annual festival of the riding of the marches.—*Robert Chambers.*

Two sparks from London once came upon a decent-looking shepherd in Argyleshire and accosted him with: "You have a very fine view here. You can see a great way." "Yu aye, yu aye, ferry great way." "Ah! you can see America here, I suppose?" "Farrar than that." "How is that?" "Yu jist wait tule the mists gang away, and you'll see the mune."

Chanson from Ronsard.

Fleur Angevine, of sweet fifteen,
Simplicity thy face may show;
But when thy little heart is seen,
Finesse and malice lurk below;
Beneath thy friendliness we see
A youthful strange perversity.

Then give me back (if shame can move)
That heart I gave thee long ago;
For which thou hast no more of love
Than for some slave in dungeon low;
Taking delight in its despair,
And glorying to deny its prayer.

Another maid, than thou less fair,
But with a soul more fond and true,
Will seek it from me, and I swear
That other maid shall have it too;
Since, notwithstanding all my pain,
Thou mock'st me still with thy disdain.

But no, far rather shall it pine
Hopeless within thy durance still;
Better this constant heart of mine
Should die of grief to please thy will,
Than change to enjoy another there,
Kinder to me, but not so fair.

—*Kate Hillard.*

Literary Rambler.

AMERICAN GENERALS.

There is a disposition to regard the American generals, and the troops they led, as altogether inferior to regular soldiers. This prejudice was born out of the blunders and want of coherence exhibited by undisciplined volunteers at the outset—faults amply atoned for by the stubborn courage displayed on both sides throughout the rest of the struggle; while, if a man's claims to be regarded as a veteran are to be measured by the amount of actual fighting he has gone through, the most seasoned soldiers of Europe are but as conscripts compared with the survivors of that conflict. The conditions of war on a grand scale were illustrated to the full as much in the contest in America, as in those more recently waged on the Continent. In all that relates to the art of feeding and supplying an army in the field, the Americans displayed quite as much ability as any Continental power; while if the organisation and discipline of their improvised troops were inferior, the actual fighting was in fact more stubborn, for no European forces have experienced the amount of resistance in combat which North and South opposed to each other. Neither was the frequently indecisive result of the great battles fought in America any proof that they formed exceptions to the ordinary rules of military science. These actions were so inconclusive, first, from deficiency in cavalry; and, next, because the beaten side would not break up. The American soldiery, in thus refusing to yield to panic when losing the day, retiring in good order, and keeping a good front to the victorious enemy, displayed, let us venture to believe, an inherited quality. In order to pursue, there must be some one to run away, and, to the credit of the Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought across the Atlantic.—*Colonel Chesney.*

LAMARTINE.

Like all Frenchmen, intense egotism was one of the prominent errors of his character. This fault was redeemed, however, by so many noble and shining qualities that it almost disappears in their lustre. He was the soul of honour, the bravest of the brave, the most generous of men. Pages could be filled with anecdotes of his gentleness of heart and boundless charity. The emoluments which he derived as a member of the Provisional Government he distributed freely and unasked among the poor authors of Paris, and the letters which accompanied these gifts doubled the obligation. Sunday, his only holiday, was devoted to charity; his doors were open to all who suffered, who were in want. All who came, whether known or unknown, he greeted with extended hand, with kindly smiles and words, to soften the bitterness and humiliation of their position. "I am dying of hunger," one day wrote laconically an unknown. "I have five hundred francs, they are yours with all my heart," wrote back Lamartine. "If I had a hundred francs I should be truly happy!" exclaimed a poor author in his presence. "Here are a thousand," answered Lamartine, giving him the money. Only the revenues of a prince could sustain such munificence. For years before his death he was overwhelmed with debts, and reduced to comparative indigence; but the divine impulse of charity remained as active as ever. He was saving up to buy himself a little pony-chaise to take the air in; he had gathered just a thousand francs, when a poor woman, who lived in the neighbourhood, came to him with a piteous tale; her goods had been seized by a hard-hearted creditor, and homeless destitution stared her in the face. "How much do you require?" he asked? "A thousand francs," was the answer. There was a momentary struggle, and then he went away, fetched his little hoard, and placed it in her hand.—*Temple Bar.*

MEERSCHAUM PIPE AND CLOCK BARTER.

The Danes are of a mercantile turn of mind. When the English poor laws were under preparation, the English ambassador to Copenhagen sent in a report, in which he struck exactly the most characteristic trait in the nature of the Danish people. The first thing, he said, a poor Dane strives to get possession of, is a meerschaum pipe, and the next a clock, not because he likes to smoke, or because he wishes to keep himself posted about the time, but because he intends to trade with them. It is true. A foreigner would be very much surprised at seeing the peasant lads going to church on a Sunday morning, each carrying a meerschaum pipe in his hand, and still more surprised he would be at seeing them return, none carrying the same pipe. They have traded in the mean time. In the church? No, not exactly so. But after service they gather on the lawn outside the high, whitewashed stone wall which encircles the churchyard, and here is held a real pipe and clock market, and here is won the first penny of many a great fortune. In Denmark, a great merchant who sends his own ships to New York and Hong Kong, often began business on the lawn outside the churchyard wall, and with one meerchaum pipe. Trading is an instinct with the Danish people, and often a talent. Whether a certain capacity is a real talent, whose development will benefit the whole society, or whether it is only a kind of shrewdness to which society had better not give any opportunity, can only be decided by looking at the moral ideas which govern this capacity under its working; but here I wish to add that the moral ideas which rule the Danish pipe and clock market are exactly the same as those entertained by the great commercial world, and any infringement on these laws is very rapidly and very peremptorily punished. When a juvenile merchant has bought a pipe for five dollars, and induces another to pay him five dollars and a half for it by telling that it has cost six dollars, he is considered a rascal, and nobody will trade with him any more. But if he exchanges his pipe for a clock, and the clock for a sheep, and the sheep for another pipe worth six dollars, he is considered a smart fellow, and people wish to be accommodated by him. For this market has also its commission merchants. When a youth buys his first pipe, he dares not do it on his own account. By no means. It is too grave an affair. It is almost like marrying. He makes the bargain through an elder and more experienced friend, to whom he pays a commission.—*Clemens Peterson.*

BEWIGGED AND BEGOWNED.

The tendency on the part of municipal corporations to present addresses to Royal personages upon the slightest provocation is one of old standing, and is not in these modern days to be repressed even by the coolness with which Majesty openly hands the unread address to its body-servant. Perhaps the practice reached the perfection of absurdity when the bewigged town clerks of municipalities, accompanied in state by the begowned mayors and councillors, approached his high and mighty Majesty the Shah of Persia during his recent visit, and read him out a long address, his high and mighty Majesty meanwhile taking it all as a matter of course, playing with his Royal moustaches and looking as if he perfectly understood what was being said to him, a little grave pleasantry in which the town clerk, mayor, and corporation were not backward in indulging on their own parts when, presently, the Shah addressed them in the Persian tongue. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have accepted similar compliments with more graciousness than did the object of Canon Kingsley's special reverence, Queen Elizabeth. If all that history relates be true her Majesty frequently broke forth in cries of impatience with honest corporate officials anxious to touch the hem of her garment. Passing through Coventry on one occasion the Queen was met by the mayor and corporation, who humbly begged leave to read the following loyal address:

We men of Coventree
Are very pleased to see
Your Gracious Majestee
Good Lord! how fine ye bee!

To which the Queen thus sweetly replied:

My Gracious Majestee
Is very wroth to see
Ye men of Coventree.
Good Lord! what fools ye bee!

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The Ladies' Own Corner.

We extract the following from the Paris correspondence of the *Queen*:

BONNETS AND HATS.

The bonnets are the only items which have a thoroughly summer-like aspect, and they look little in keeping with the rest of the costume. Preference is decidedly given to those that are made quite round and flat, and which Mme. Caroline Reboux calls the "Rosina bonnet," and beneath which she arranges a large wreath of flowers. The wreath is selected to match the costume. Lilies of the valley resting against the black velvet with which the bonnet is lined harmonise with almost any costume. Very pale blue periwinkles mixed with either roses de Bengale, or with Parma violets, also produce a pretty effect. This mixture of skyblue with violet is much affected at present, and when used with judgment and taste it is a very happy one. Watteau and Vanloo both painted repeatedly pale blue and violet in close juxtaposition, with the best results. Bonnets for negligé wear have generally the crown concealed with a foulard scarf, which is twisted round it and tied gracefully at the left side under a wing. The brim of the hat is of either white, brown, or grey straw. White foulard with a black border is considered in good taste for straw hats. There are as many shapes in hats as in bonnets, but the newest form is that called "the Revolution," which has a high crown, with the brim turned up at one side only, and could be fastened there with either a tuft of roses or some variegated pinks or field flowers. Feathers are likewise abundantly used on hats; the Valois toque, which is worn in both dust-grey and iron-grey straw, is almost entirely covered with feathers of the same colour. A large veil of grey crêpe lisse is invariably added to these grey straw toques. Veils are now worn as scarves, very long and very narrow, and for town wear they are generally of plain tulle, but for country or for travelling they are of crêpe lisse. When either hats or bonnets are covered with feathers a flower is usually added at the back.

FETE TOILETTES.

Dressy or *fête* toilettes are much required in London at this time, therefore I will describe several new ones I have seen in preparation at the Maison Vignon. The first is of white tulle; the front is bouillonné, and the tunic trimmed with blonde, worked with white jet. At the sides there are quilles of jet-worked blonde, and the tulle train is bordered with the same; jetted blonde is also carried beneath the pouf. The jet is of course that milky white which has the effect of pearls at candle-light.

DINNER DRESSES.

A dinner dress is made of almond-coloured faille, the skirt bordered with two plaitings, the folds of which are laid very closely together. The tunic is extremely long, and in front it is composed of alternate stripes of white passementerie and white blonde. Both these are insertions, and arranged in longitudinal stripes. The tunic is edged with white silk fringe, and at the back there is a pouf; at each side there is a garland of red poppies. The low bodice of almond-coloured faille has over it another bodice of alternate passementerie and blonde stripes; it is high at the back, and low and square in front. A large tuft of poppies in the centre of the chest.

Another dinner dress is pink faille, that peculiar shade of pink called *jambe de nymphe*. The back of the skirt to the waist is trimmed with plaitings, and the tunic, or rather tablier, is formed of cross-bands of pink faille and Venetian point insertion, arranged alternately. The bodice is pink faille, but the sleeves and waiscoat are striped to match the tunic. The same style of dress is charming in black faille, with plaitings at the back, and the tablier of alternate bands of faille, and black lace worked with steel beads, both bands arranged diagonally. Black lace, with leaves of steel beads worked upon it, edges the tunic, which is tied at the back with a pale blue China crêpe sash. The sides or quilles of the skirt are ornamented with violets and forget-me-nots.

EGG COSIES.

"Fancy Worker" writes as follows to the *Queen*: Very pretty little cosies can be made from odds and ends of silk, satin, or velvet. Those to cover one egg should measure about six inches in circumference and four in height, and those for two eggs ten to eleven inches round and four-and-a-half high. Others to cover more eggs can of course be made in proportion. Cosies made to these measurements cover the cup as well as the egg, and they are perfectly effectual in retaining the heat. They are shaped like an ordinary tea cosy, and it is best first to cut out the pattern in paper and then cut the material to it, leaving a good margin if it is to be quilted. For quilting lay the satin, silk, or material down on the table, then add a thin layer of wadding and a piece of muslin, tack them all together, and cut them to the paper pattern. Two sides must be cut and arranged in this fashion, and then quilted. For the lining, cut the two pieces in sarsnet (or anything you may choose to line with), and thin flannel or muslin. It is not necessary to quilt these, and the flannel must not be clumsy, or it will make the little cosy too thick. Put the outside piece and lining together, turn the edges neatly in, and loosely tack them. Do this with both sides of the cosy, then when done lay them together, hold or tack them, and sew them over, keeping the edges close together. When finished sew a piece of silk cord round, and arrange a double loop on the top and one at each end. Coloured satin or material is most effective when quilted with white silk or cotton. It is an improvement to add a small bead where the lines cross. This must of course be done before the sides are joined together. Very narrow strips of crochet tricoter, done with a small needle and in single Berlin wool, look very well. Three strips of an inch and a half wide would be enough, a white strip in the centre and a coloured one on each side, each connected by yellow filoselle silk, drawn with a crochet needle first through a stitch on one side and then on the other, forming a chain. If a small pattern is worked on the strips in common cross stitch with a worsted needle, the effect is still better. This work will cut, so that if the edges will not turn in well they can be snipped off, then put together and sewn over. A worsted cord should be added. Little cosies for one egg can be made thus: Make a chain of 26 stitches, do three or four rounds of plain crochet, then three of long stitch, then three again of plain, and so on till it gets 3in. in height, when it must be reduced till it joins at the top; finish it off with some loops of worsted or a tassel. The reducing is done by missing a stitch every now and then, and it should be done three or four rounds, so that the whole cosy should not exceed 4in. in height. This is pleasant easy work for children. The rounds should be in different coloured worsteds. Any scraps will do. Patchwork cosies are also pretty, made of small scraps, either in diamond or box pattern. I have found these little articles sell wonderfully well at fancy bazaars, where their novelty made them most attractive. They look gay on a breakfast table, especially if made of some bright-coloured silk or satin. They could be arranged on cloth for braiding if desired, and in ticking work they can be made very prettily. Satin ribbon of about an inch wide, or even narrower, sewn together and arranged diagonally, with a very narrow gold braid run on to hide the joinings, looks well. The ribbons should be sewn on to some material previously cut to the shape and size desired.

LOUIS XV. WOOLWORK.

It is curious to observe how the fashion of delicate colouring pervades fancy work as well as dress. A house in Regent-street has imported from France a well-selected assortment of banner screens, portières, curtain borders, chairs, footstools, ottomans, &c., designed and worked out in what is recognised as the Louis XV. and XVI. styles. The heraldic fanciful birds and animals are picturesque if impossible, and the flowers and scrolls are grouped about them with flowing lines and graceful curves. But it is the colouring that marks the peculiarity of this style of design. Many might call it faded, for none but the softest tones are used; and they are all so undecided and amalgamated that blues blend into greens, and greens into yellows, without any perceptible stop where one colour ceases and the other begins. Whether these *teints degradés*, as they are sneeringly called, are equally as beautiful as frank true colouring, is not the question here. These false colours, as the French term them, are the fashion; and the eye has become so accustomed to them that even a piece of work carried out in bright shades looks now out of date. The designs imported are partially worked on Penelope canvas; the outline portion is entirely complete, and the shades put in; therefore nothing remains to complete the work but to cross the stitches forming the flowers, branches, and leaves, as the birds and animals, being in tent stitch, are entirely worked out. It is truly woolwork made easy; but it is the plan that finds great favour among English fancy workers.

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

The arrangement of the flower garden should always be decided upon during the previous summer, so that the material required should all be in readiness; and, supposing this to be the case, planting out ought, if not already begun, to commence at once, beginning with the more hardy species, such as calceolarias, verbenas, zonal pelargoniums, &c.; while the beginning of June is quite early enough to plant out the various varieties of tricolor pelargoniums, heliotropes, coleuses, iresines, alternantheras, &c. In planting the various beds in the flower garden, care should be taken to avoid a too free use of the primary colours, as few things can be more objectionable than large flat surfaces of bright scarlet and yellow, &c., unless the same is duly toned down by the interspersion of more quiet and pleasing shades, in the form of margins to beds and clumps of considerable dimensions; while anything like monotony may be greatly relieved by the judicious introduction of standard and pyramidal plants of various sorts.

HARDY FLOWERS.

With bitter cold winds in the day time, and more or less frost at night, many hardy plants which would have been in full bloom had genial weather prevailed, have received such a check as will probably spoil their beauty for the season. Two fine-leaved hardy polygonums, viz., cuspidatum and sachalinense, in the neighbourhood of London, have suffered considerably from spring frosts; as has also a fine specimen of the officinal rhubarb, at Kew (rheum officinale). The latter promises to be, when more plentiful, a foliage plant fit to be associated with such noble leaved subjects as gunnera scabra, rheum emodi, acanthus latifolia, and plants of similar character suitable for isolation on turf or other prominent positions. Notwithstanding the weather, however, there is a good display of bloom on many plants, as, for instance, the columbines; than the varieties of common columbine (aquilegia vulgaris) there are no more valuable plants for purposes of general decoration, and they may be easily raised from seeds, which are cheap. Iberis correæfolia, probably the best of the perennial species, is just now coming freely into flower. It is a plant which forms a compact edging thickly studded with pure white flowers about mid-May, and when grown in pots it is equally ornamental. Several Veronicas are also nicely in bloom, prominent among which may be mentioned the pale blue flowered V. gentianoides and the dwarf dark blue V. prostrata and pulchella. Lupines, too, are now highly attractive; also thermopsis fabacea and lanceolata, two yellow-blossomed ornamental leguminous plants, well worthy of general culture. Spring and early summer-flowering annuals have come so tardily into bloom this season that we miss the grand displays usually made about this time by such kinds as collinsia grandiflora, saponaria, collomia, limnanthes, douglasii, nemophilas, and others, raised from seed sown in the open ground in autumn. Little advancement has been made in the planting out of annuals from pots, on account of the dryness of the weather and coldness of the winds, but as soon as rain comes they should be planted out with as much expedition as possible. Early-flowering hardy bulbs may be taken up, if necessary, to make room for summer-flowering plants; but, except in the case of rare kinds, this is not at all a commendable practice. Seedlings of perennials sufficiently advanced for pricking off should be attended to, and any choice additions made to collections of herbaceous plants should be looked after, and, if necessary, increased by means of division, or, if this is not practicable, cuttings should, if possible, be taken off and inserted in pots.

HARDY FRUIT AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

Where apricots, peaches, and nectarines have been protected, the coverings will want gradually taking off, so that the trees may not suffer from too sudden exposure. Disbudding the shoots, by only taking off a few at a time, till all danger from the influence of cold weather is over, must now or soon be proceeded with. Apricot trees are often much infested with a grub, which curls the leaves up and eats the young fruit. As this pest is safe from syringings or dressings of any kind, it must be searched for and crushed with the finger and thumb; and the more effectually this is done, the fewer grubs will appear next year. In the kitchen garden, Brussels sprouts, savoys, and cauliflowers should be transplanted into deeply-worked, well-manured soil. Another plantation of white Paris cos lettuce should be made. The ground intended for the main crop of winter greens and broccoli should be prepared by well manuring and deeply digging it. These crops generally succeed celery, autumn-sown onions, parsnips, or early cabbages, as may be most convenient. New Zealand spinach may now be planted in rich warm soil. A sowing of scarlet runners for succession may be made, also of French beans and a few of the broad Windsor. Some dwarf marrow peas may now be sown, and early ones topped; spinach for succession may be sown, also a few seeds of scorzonera and salsafy. A few lettuces and turnips, if required, may be sown in cool shady places; sowings of rampion and corn salad may also be made. Root crops, such as beet, carrots, parsnips, and turnips, should be thinned as they advance in growth. Potatoes should be hoed, and, in some cases, the soil between the rows loosened with a steel fork; a little earth should be drawn to the most forward of them. Ridges for cucumbers may be prepared, and the ground got ready for celery. —*The Garden.*

Nick-Nacks.

"Unless you give me aid," said a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I should greatly dislike to do." The lady handed him a shilling, and compassionately asked, "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?" "Work," was the mournful answer.

"Aunt Susan, suppose all the women were in one country, and all the men in another, with a big river between them, and no boats nor bridges, what would be the consequence?" "Good gracious!" why, then lots of poor women would be drowned!"

A clergyman who left a notice in his pulpit to be read by the preacher who exchanged with him, neglected to denote carefully a private postscript, and the congregation were astonished to hear the stranger wind up by saying: "You will please come to dine with me at the parsonage."

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher asked: "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

A prosperous merchant has for his motto: "Early to bed and early to rise, never get tight, and advertise."

The other day a Montreal tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterwards by its being returned, with a note appended, saying, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

A client calling at his lawyer's office, in which there was a blazing fire, exclaimed, "Why, your office is as hot as an oven!" "Why shouldn't it be?" retorted the lawyer, "since it is here that I make my bread!"

"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?" "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner fond of literature. "Have you," continued the lady, "ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" "No, madam, I never read that number in my life."

An Aside.—Munden's avarice was notorious. On his last appearance, as he was bowing his farewell and retreating backwards up the stage, he said in a whisper to those at the wings, "Am I near; am I near?" "Very," said Liston, who was close by; "no one more so!"

A city fop who was taking an airing in the country, tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, but was extinguished by the old man, who solemnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

"A literary gentleman, a believer in spiritualism, said that he was himself a subject of spiritual influence, under which he always wrote his articles, thus being, in the work of authorship, a medium. "That," remarked a pleasant friend, "may account for your mediocrity."

The famous actor, Foote, having dined at Merchant Taylors' Hall, in London, was so much pleased with the entertainment, that he sat till most of the company had left the dinner table. At length, rising, he said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night." "*Both!*" exclaimed one of the company, "why, you must be drunk, Foote; here are twenty of us." "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as *nine* tailors make a man, I am right. I wish you *both* very good night."

"Mamma," said a wee pet, "they sung 'I want to be an angel' in Sunday-school this morning, and I sung with them." "Why, Nelly!" exclaimed mamma, "could *you* keep time with the rest?" "I guess I could," proudly answered little Nelly; "I kept a head of 'em mots all the way through."

"Gudesake, man," said a douce housewife to an honest dairyman, "what's this ye're doin' till your milk noo? The last I got frae ye there was aboot a third o't water." "There ye're wrang, Mrs. Maclaren," said the man; "it maun hae been some ither body's milk ye got last time; mine's aye half-an-half!"

Schoolmaster: "Of what does the surface of the earth consist?" Pupil: "Of land and water." Schoolmaster: "Very well. Now, in order that I may see if you clearly understand the subject, I will vary the question a little. What do land and water make?" Pupil: "Mud."

"Doctor," said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half-an-hour without sense or knowledge." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

"Now, Johnny," said a pretty teacher to a pupil, "can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?" "Yes, ma'am. Mother says if you don't marry our new Principal it will be a miracle."

Once, when John Kemble played "Hamlet" in the country, the gentleman who enacted "Guildenstern" was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. "Hamlet" asks him, "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot." "I pray you." "Believe me, I cannot." "I do beseech you." "Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;" and, to the confusion of "Hamlet," and the great amusement of the audience, he played "God save the King."

The other day a merry-faced and bright-eyed Milesian was arraigned for disorderly conduct. The judge inquired, very angrily, "Are you not ashamed to be here?" "Indeed I am, your honour." "You were in very disreputable company." "I know it, yer honour." "It is shameful." "Too true," was the penitent rejoinder. "If I permit you to go this time, will you ever be caught in such company again?" "Not unless yer honour sends for me," was the reply.

The Best Judge.—Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbour. He was no swimmer; and his death would have been inevitable had not a sailor plunged in, at the risk of his own life, and rescued him from his dangerous situation. The merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamour, "For," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

A Special License.—"Sam," said the minister of Drumblade one day to his man-of-all work, "you must bottle the cask of whisky this forenoon; but as the vapour from the whisky may be injurious, take a glass before you begin, to prevent intoxication." Now, Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whisky; and having received from his master a special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Some hours after, the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying full length on the floor, unconscious of all around. "Oh, Sam," said the minister, "you have not taken my advice, and you see the consequence—rise, Sam, and take a glass yet, it may restore you." Sam, nothing loth, took the glass from the minister's hand, and having emptied it, said, "Oh, sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've ta'en, but I'm nae better!"—*Book of Scottish Anecdotes.*

Silesian Chateaux.

The confines of Austrian and Prussian Silesia, a province bordering on Poland, and in fact a former willing dependency of that chivalrous kingdom, abound in châteaux belonging to old country-loving, home-staying families. Their pedigrees reach far beyond the foundation of the recent Austrian empire, back into the ages when Germany was a strong and princely confederation, and Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland mighty and rival kingdoms. Their race is rather Slave than German, and their ambitions, hopes, and interests are purely local, centred around their own roof-tree, the homes of their own dependents, the forests peopled and the fields tilled by their own retainers. A very brief season in the capital, say every two or three years, is all their wives and daughters crave in the way of social excitement; their finances are but slender, and their education is both serious and limited; practical, yet not very general. Good old housewifely arts render the home comfortable; a thorough knowledge of farming, gardening, and wood-cutting, often on advanced English plans, makes the outdoor life of the men healthy, pleasant, and useful. Such a home and family as this was the Château de O——, the ancestral property of the Counts of O——. The house itself was a model of simple elegance, good taste, and comfort; no rich display, but plenty of ease in the large, sparely-furnished drawing-rooms, with cool floors of beautiful inlaid wood, and curtains of dainty chintz. Little nick-nacks of an unmistakable nature proclaimed the presence of refined and charming women—books and prints in plenty, fancy work and plain sewing, even good homely knitting, besides here and there an Italian marble, a French vase, or curious old family relic in the way of tapestry or plate. We dined in the middle of the day, and besides our young host and hostess and ourselves there were only an old deaf maiden aunt and her English companion. Fancy such a household in "fashionable society!" But here the party lived in primitive harmony, the little heir was brought in at dessert to be admired by the foreign guests, and there was as much deference paid to the old maiden aunt as if she had been mistress absolute of the château. Her dress was homely and common enough, but under it beat a heart of gold, and all the refinement and high breeding of many generations of "gentle" ancestors were evident in her quiet, unobtrusive manner. Our host was a capital rider, and very fond of farming, while his wife had a little pony carriage, which frequently took us out over the shockingly rough cross-roads of the country into the most fairy-like forest clearings, crimson with wild strawberries, or Undine retreats, where the tall grass hid thick beds of forget-me-not and yellow lilies, fringing the sides of a brooklet. We stayed there a fortnight, and came away with regret from such a picture of domestic contentment, where the golden age seemed almost to linger yet among the gentle Silesians.—*Lady Blanche Murphy.*

German Students' Duels.

"How many are to participate on this occasion, Mr. President?" "Five couples; among them two of the best fighters for twenty miles around." "We shall see plenty of blood then?" The third president smiles grimly in assent. "But how is it that so many as five couples should happen to fall foul of one another at the same time? Is the giving of offence contagious at certain fixed seasons? the thirst for blood an epidemic, ruled by the zodiacal signs?" The scarred interlocutor laughs briefly. "There is no ill-will between the combatants. 'Tis sufficient cause of quarrel that they belong to rival corps. In all friendliness and good feeling they are sworn periodically to draw one another's blood.'' "Is it, then, a condition of membership to agree to fight duels?" "But naturally," says the host, setting down his tall beer glass, "every few months a certain number of champions are matched against one another by rival corps. They fight, the cuts are counted, and whichever side tallies the greatest number wins the most glory." "But may not members of the same corps engage together?" "Never; they are brothers; blood may not flow between them; with masks only can they contend." "And is there never a duel between genuine personal enemies—those who hate rather than love each other?" "Surely! but such come not in the regular order of duelling; they are an extra—as one says, a tidbit. 'Tis long since we have had such a one!" The muddy complexion sighs, and swallows beer.

The ensanguined plain is reached — the spacious dining-hall of an old suburban hotel. A hundred or so of chairs are scattered about; the floor is well laid with sawdust to soak up the gore! A goodly crowd of students are already present, and ever they stream in through the open door. The landlord is everywhere—smiling, anxious, officious, hurried. He knows that should the police appear there will be a wholesale fine for him to pay; but meanwhile he will do his best to conciliate his guests. The latter are all young — eighteen is perhaps the average. They almost all look unhealthy; there is a reminiscence of bad air, bad tobacco, and sausages about them, not to speak of the beer. But the champions —they surely have exercised, lived temperately and regularly—*trained*, as we have it? Not so; they are as muddy as the rest. The German student will submit with stolidity to the laying open of his cheek, if need be; but as to walking, running, diminishing his beer, pretermitting his cigar—never! He is no racehorse to be breathed, sweated, and rubbed down; but a man and a student, who washes his shining morning face in a dry towel, breathes air that has been cooked in a dozen lungs beforehand, and crawls aimlessly hither and thither between Kneipe and lecture room. His only exercise is Schläger [sword] practice, which developes the wrist alone. With him the humanities of life must and shall be preserved.

There is a stir throughout the hall, for the first duel is about to begin. One of the combatants is an American. The American, to do him justice, might be mistaken for a German by an unskilful eye. He looks sallow enough, and even suspiciously pale. Courage! he may yet develop a scar equal to the best of them, ere he puts off the ponderous armour that is buckling on to him.

An appalling matter this armour is, by the way. It consists of heavy pads of leather, protecting the whole body from chin to knee, and especially strong upon the right arm, which parries as well as makes all the blows. But—did any gentleman say blood? let him look on this and be satisfied. Here is the carnage of a hundred noses, the tribute of a thousand scalps. Gorget, cuirass, leggings, armlets, are crimsoned, spattered, stained encrusted. Even the massive iron spectacles are corroded with gore. A novice might well be dismayed at the very putting on of such battle-harness.

To understand the armour, we must fathom him who wears it. He is a philosopher. Is it not more honourable—so he argues—to lose a hundred noses, had one so many, than once to lose the power of losing them? What good to me are scars if I am in my grave? Shall the most elevated of pastimes be degraded into a means of bringing all pastimes to an end? I will cut off my brother's nose, his ear, his hair—deface him for ever, and the more the better, for both of us; but his life I will not cut off; and therefore we will wear armour, and cut and parry for the head only. This is logic which the savage cannot answer; and besides, the combatants are facing each other, and ready to fall to.

The chairman of the meeting, vesting in himself the heraldic office of old time, steps forward and enunciates the formulas of introduction and defiance. He ceases; the seconds lead their men, stiff and post-like in their armour, within the chalked lines. *Guard!* the four swords are crossed for a moment. *Los!* the seconds lower theirs, and the duel begins.

The fighting attitude of your civilised duellist is peculiar. Right side forward, knees straight, feet twelve inches apart. Right arm raised over and in front of the head, the elbow bent outwards; the sword, slanting down toward the left, completes an arch. The arm is never moved; it is the guard, and upon its being in precisely the proper position depends the wholeness of its owner's skin. The cuts are made entirely by the turn of the wrist, the object being to overreach your adversary's guard, and slice his countenance with the lower end of your sword-blade.

At first—before the blood begins to flow—the contest is not awe-inspiring. Holding their left hands behind them, the champions clash away from the right wrist. The cuts are given in rapid alternation, the "recover" being instantaneous; cut and recover take just one second by the watch. The blades strike flat on the padded guard, and bend over toward the heads, but do not quite reach the skin yet. Flap-flap! flap-flap!—first one and then the other. Shutting his eyes and abstracting his mind from the present scene for a moment, one can fancy himself once more in the back yard of his boyhood's home, where Michael and Bridget are beating carpets. Flap-flap! flap-flap!—carpet-beating for all the world!

Now comes the first pause; no casualty as yet. Seconds, support the weary right arms of your principals, and straighten out the blades of their swords, for the soft steel is already bent out of shape. The American looks rather more hopeful; he intends to do execution in the next round. The countenance of his adversary, a veteran at the business, is inscrutable. Never mind; it will become open enough, let us hope, ere all is done!

Time, gentlemen! Guard, again. Los! off you go. Flap-flap! flap-flap! Suddenly the seconds interpose their swords. Somebody thought the American was touched. He is put in a chair, and his thick hair pulled over and examined in a way that reminds us of the monkey's cage in the Zoological Gardens. No find, however; it was a false alarm, and the combat continues. Now we begin to feel excited!

He has caught it this time, and no mistake! Saw you that lock of hair jump into the air, as if suddenly declaring independence? It falls, but not sooner than the red blood rushes out-of-doors, and floods one side of the American's face. He looks surprised, and somewhat disconcerted; but, so keen are the blades, the cut is at first scarcely felt—the blood precedes the pain. He is led to a chair, and cold water and sponges are freely applied for a minute or two; then he must stand up again, his fifteen minutes not being up, and continue the sanguinary contest. We fancy the Indian fibre in him has been touched; *he* wants to take a scalp too. His guard seems more secure, his wrist more supple. Nevertheless, the first seven and a half minutes elapse without further incident. There is an intermission of a few minutes for sponging, discussion, and smoking; betting there is none among the vanguards of civilisation. Presently the men take their places again. The American's head is beginning to feel a little sore and stiff. He is a most ghastly object—the blood running continually over his face, dripping down on his gorget and leggings, or spattering to the floor, where it is eagerly absorbed by the sawdust. Will he succeed in squaring accounts with that stolid antagonist of his? The savage, untutored though he be, is bound to confess he hopes so!

Ha! it is done, sure enough. There was a slight extra turn of the wrist, or an almost imperceptible wavering of the guard; the American's sword caught just beneath his opponent's right nostril, and made a clear arc across the cheekbone to the ear. The stolid gentleman blanches, as well he may; the sword bit to the bone. He is led to his chair, under which is soon formed quite a respectable blood-puddle. Will the fight go on? No, the men are both faint. Hand them over to the surgeons to be sewn up, and let us have the next pair. More blood! more blood! We are impatient of delay.

The next pair, however, are a disappointment; they are mere boys, and either cannot or will not flesh their maiden swords. They beat the carpet monotonously for their quarter of an hour, then exchange a bloodless kiss and are disarmed. The contemptuous pity of the assembly follows them; but the excitement revives again at the sight of the third two who face each other, clad in the crimsoned armour of their predecessors. They are consummate masters of the art. Both are short, but stout; but one has a round, ruddy face, and black, wiry, fuzzy hair; the other is sandy, pale, phlegmatic, with a manner business-like and serious. What adds to the interest, the dark man fights with his left hand; but the phlegmatic, having "seen him before," is not disconcerted. So the carpet-beating begins right briskly, and the stranger from the West remarks a vigour, snap, dexterity—a strength and quickness, decidedly in contrast with what has gone before. Brunette looks wicked; he half lifts himself from his feet as he delivers the stroke. Phlegmatic raises his eyebrows spasmodically as he reaches over his adversary's guard. So far, neither can get the better of the other.

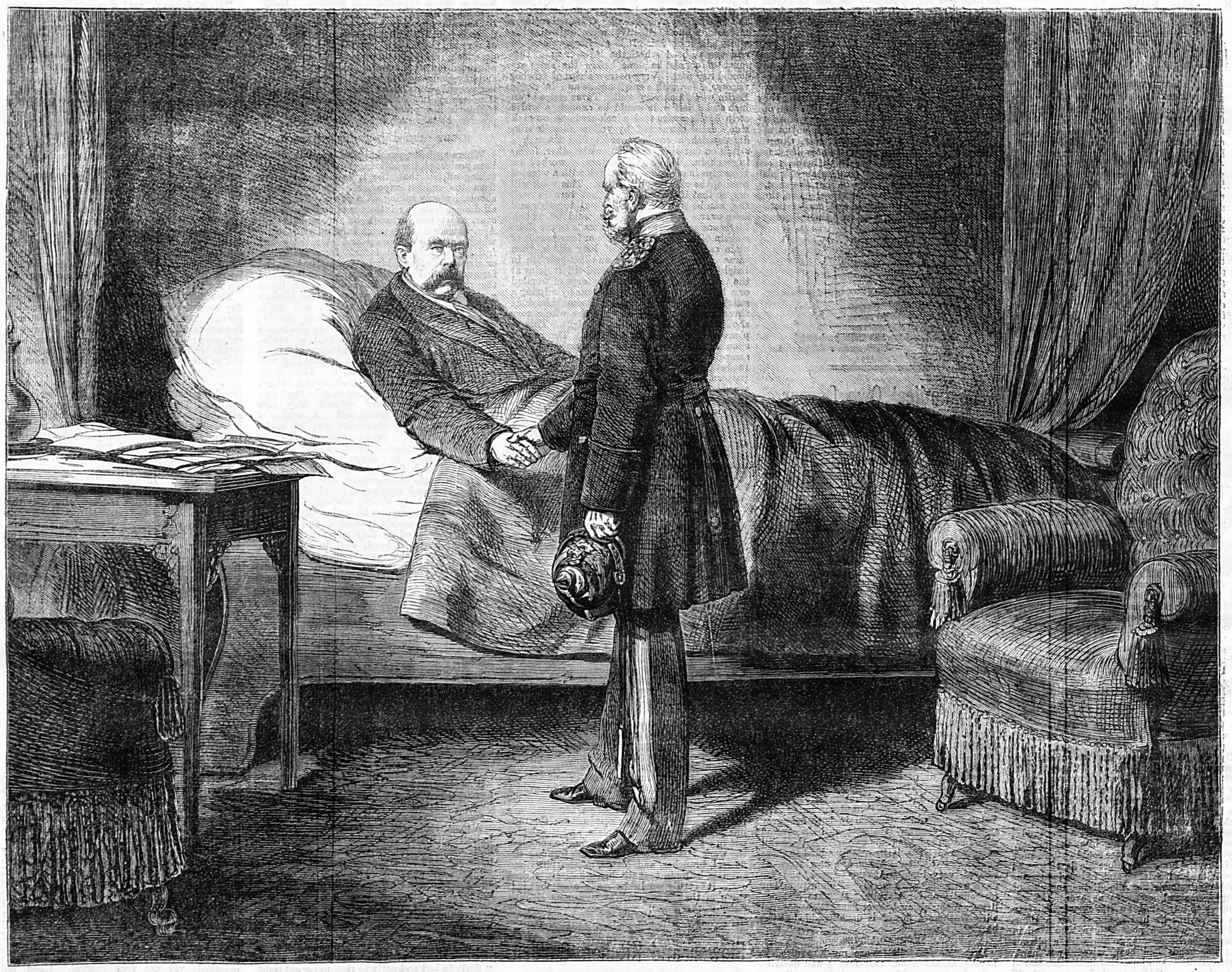
The duel has lasted five minutes. The excitement is at its height, for it is plain that if a cut be given, it will be no trifle. Hark! what means that commotion? that hurried foot upon the staircase without? that ominous murmur below, soon spreading on frightened wings to all assembled? The police! the police! they are coming—they are near—they are already at the door downstairs!

The landlord flies into the room. "Mein Gott! Potztausend! Donnerwetter meine Herren, be only quick!" supplicates he. Some brave man, whose presence of mind even this awful moment disconcerts not, seizes upon the whole sheaf of twenty swords, and crash! through the window they go, taking half the sash with them. The wounded are hurried out of sight—down cellar—up garret, anywhere! and bowls, sponges, surgeons, vanish with them. More sawdust for the floor here! Bring tables, bring beer. Sit down, gentlemen students. We are assembled for a peaceful drunk—no thought of arms and blood in any of our hearts. So—it is well. Let the police enter. Our brothers' blood will not cry out against us. We are safe.

Safe enough, truly, for it was a false alarm. There are no police within two miles of us. Fellow Burschen, the exercises of the morning, temporarily suspended, will be resumed. The charge for broken glass will be shared equally by all present. The wounded heroes at present in retirement are summoned to reappear. Before the tables are removed, the following toast is proposed:

"The German Students' Schläger Duel—long may it keep alive in their hearts the heroic spirit of their forefathers!"

Drink out, Burschen! as you are heroes, no heel-taps!—*Julian Hawthorne.*



IMPERIAL SYMPATHY.

Remarkable Divorce Appeal.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have given judgment in a remarkable divorce appeal between Count Sant and his wife, the Countess Sant, in which "a personal separation" was decreed by two courts at Malta, and an order made as to the restitution of property to the countess, who had sued her husband for a divorce, alleging cruelty. There was also a charge of adultery against the count.

The parties (Italians) were married in 1830, and lived together till February, 1869, when the countess, in the absence of the count, left her home with her eldest daughter, and had not since returned. By a regulation in force at Malta no suit for a separation could be instituted between married persons without an attempt under the authority of the court to effect a reconciliation. In this case the attempt was made and failed. The Court of First Instance ordered a separation, and made an order on the property. On an appeal at Malta the personal separation was confirmed, and a different order made as to the property, and also as to the care of the children. There were five children, and the count was to have the charge of the sons, and the countess of the daughters. One of the charges was that the appellant had struck his eldest daughter, and it was admitted that, being provoked, he had slapped her face. By the law of Malta either of the married persons could demand separation "for excesses, cruelty, threats, or grievous injury by the other against the plaintiff or any of his or her children." This case, it was alleged, came under the ordinance. There were numerous witnesses on both sides, and on the part of the count the contention was that the evidence was not sufficient to decree a separation after forty years of married life; and, on the part of the countess, that she could not remain under the protection of her husband, who for a series of years had acted cruelly towards her.

Sir James Hannen, at the sitting of the court, proceeded to give judgment. He said the evidence showed that for some years the count had been in the habit of insulting his wife in the presence of his children and servants, using disgusting language to her. It was proved that he had slapped the face of his daughter, a woman thirty years old, and his excuse was that she had contradicted him, and it was shown that she had been thereby thrown into convulsions. It was proved that he had sworn at the lady and his children, and was in the habit of saying that he had raised her by marriage from the "dirt," and also from the "mud," and he had also used disgusting language, too gross to be repeated; he had threatened to kick her, to throw her out of the window. In concluding, he said, on the whole their lordships would recommend her Majesty that the decision of the court below be affirmed, and this appeal be dismissed with costs.